

# CAVALCADE

AUGUST, 1953

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**Your Sun - Tan  
Might Kill You**

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# Cavalcade

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 Vol. 18, No. 1

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## murder



## in fiction and fact

Murder, whether in fiction or fact, has always created an avid interest. But the pattern of murder in fact differs from that of murder in fiction.

**MURDER** in real life is a vastly different business from the supercharged, streamlined and gimmick-packed motif created by fiction writers. Real life methods may be bloody, but they are not as a rule sensational.

In order of frequency and on a percentage basis the usual methods of murder employed are as follows: Shooting, 46 per cent; stabbing and cutting, 34 per cent; assault (with blunt instruments, fist fights, bows, etc.) 20 per cent; strangulation, smothering, etc., 3 per cent; infanticide, 3 per cent; poison, 2 per cent; gas 1.5 per cent; other persons, 0.5 per cent; drowning, 1 per cent; other methods, 1 per cent.

In fact, despite all the fantastic and bizarre methods devised by fiction writers, the list is quite a prosaic one and reveals, for the most part, the employment of common techniques.

It is significant to note that poison is one of the most uncommon methods employed with homicidal intent. This is fortunate, for forensic experts claim that while poisoning involves premeditation and the extreme penalty, it is more difficult to convict by this method than any other.

Most murders are committed in fights, drunken brawls and because of jealousy or revenge, and are performed with little or no premedita-

tion. This fact must be considered in any criticism of the number of convictions compared with the number of crimes.

The noteworthy feature is that one-half of all homicides are committed by shooting. This is accounted for by the fact that guns can be got (legally or illegally) more easily than possibly any other effective weapon, and the psychological chemistry of the criminal cause him to resort favorably to this particular type of weapon.

Having perhaps been slightly disillusioned by the facts of the murder weapon, it is worthwhile having a look at the unglorious methods of fiction writers in their efforts to put some pop into their murder mystique "whodunnits" and what-nots-yous.

Among some of the most stinking brain-benders created by them will be: bare-knuckle boxing of poisoned stumps, poisoned tooth fillings, poisoned boiled eggs, poisoned mattresses, poison gas; shaving brushes infected with anthrax; and hypodermic injection (between and below the belt).

Then by way of a change they have had: knives dropping through ceilings, electrocution by telephone; slitting by knives which soon melt and disappear; infection of ale in restaurants and vomit, and breath expellers.

Then they have also had: Guns concealed in concrete, explosion of time bombs in inventory with poison-fence systems; death by fragmentation, red-hot penicillin (which takes too long and is not recommended even if it sounds atomic-age in pattern), and heavy water—no museum.

Fiction writers are nothing if not up-to-date, and while most of the known methods of committing murder have been postulated, the new discoveries in medicine, chemistry

and physics—and psychology—open up a brand new field for the ingenious human species who have written themselves into a significant niche in the modern social pattern.

While fiction writers may have considerably over-reached themselves in devising strange methods of murder, when it comes to disposing of the corpse, they have not even approached its degree, the sheer horror which is encountered in real life.

Perhaps the dead, paralyzing, striking body is a little too numbing and stomach-aching for the sensitive personality-patterns associated with creative writing. It can be understood then why this more macabre aspect of murder is smoothly sidestepped by most novelists.

A few of the braver spirits have tackled the problem of the villain disposing of the "corpse debris" with map and originality, but for the most part there is no stress placed on the obligatory chore.

The favorite methods of fiction are: Substitution are corpses for another, by burning in bed or some other powerful chemical, always with the idea of destruction of the corpse beyond recognition. With modern methods of identification and medical examination of the remaining parts, such methods are usually unsuccessful.

Other fanciful and expected methods have been thought up: Electrolysis of the corpse, metamorphosis, plucking of the body as a trout, and so forth.

The real-life murderers' methods can be grouped into about eight general divisions.

The first is one of the most popular with Hollywood script writers and spot-in-the-news murderers, and is known as being "taken for a ride."

In the popular method, the body of the victim is shot or strangled, and left in a stolen automobile or dumped out on the road. Occasionally great care is taken to remove all marks of identification from the body and clothing. This method was popularized by American gangsters during the prohibition period, but is still used by their modern successors.

The second method is leaving the victim's body beyond recognition—though not always beyond identification. Modern crime detectives can identify through teeth and other characteristics.

The third method is mutilation; this is a common form of disposal of the body by damasked men, the body being dumped in rivers or other places as scattered over a wide area. Modern-day experts have accomplished some brilliant feats of identification in these cases.

The fourth method is burial, attempts made to dispose of the body by burial in the ground, in cellars, in pits, and so on, are not uncommon.

One of the most famous cases of this type was that of Dr. Crippen, who was convicted in 1881. Internal organs and pieces of flesh, the largest measuring 4 x 6 x 12 inches, were found buried under the collar of his London home. Identification came eventually from a scar resulting from an abdominal operation on one of the pieces.

The fifth method is commonly used by gangsters and consists of freezing the body up in cages or chains and stuffing it in a sack and dropping it in the water or leaving it in a barrel or some other hiding place.

Another gruesome method of disposing of the murdered victim is to cover the body into a trunk and ship

it to various parts of the country.

A popular and practical method with modern gangsters is to toss the murder victim into a barrel of cement, later throwing it into a river. This method is difficult to detect and has been adapted by real-life gangsters as a favorite technique as well as by their fictional counterparts.

The sixth method is perhaps the most impressive, cunning and hideous, and is also used in both fact and fiction—it is instinctively classified as "unsolved murder."

It consists in averaging the body and surroundings to the murder as such a way that suicide or accidental death is suspected. For instance, the murderer may "plant" the gun on the victim or put him "right" and then take him home and leave him after turning on the gas.

Experts have shown recently that the much-branded paraffin test for the detection of powder grains on the hands of a person who has recently fired a gun, is relatively worthless. The test consists in covering the hand with melted paraffin, peeling off after setting and then looking for striations. It has been shown that small amounts of body fluids on the hands will give the same reaction.

It is obvious that the camouflaged murder is most popular with fiction writers on the one hand, and wife slayers and cunning murderers who kill with premeditation—and usually suffer from some form of mental derangement—on the other.

The trouble with most methods of murder is that, however ingenious they may be, they usually fail. Which in turn brings up the perennial question: Is there such a thing as a perfect crime?

Unlucky crimes receive a lot of publicity, but the percentage is rela-

tively small and can only be approximately gauged on a long-range time basis—estimated among this year may be solved a few fewer crimes.

Strictly speaking suicides are outside the murder nation, but they are still a major problem in the realm of criminal investigation. Statistics generally show that the favorite method of suicide in real life is common hangings—probably because it is accessible, cheap, and supposedly free from pain.

Other methods of poisoning vary with the nationality accorded them by the press and their accessibility. Jumping from buildings which was previously new, now seems about dated in frequency in many countries.

Scenic per medium of auto exhaust fumes is also popular, since the death can be camouflaged as accidental and doubly infrequently collected by the insurance, many deaths of this type are classified as accidental due to lack of collateral evidence.

The chief causes of suicides are disappointments in love, financial difficulties, irreconcilable quarrels, hunger, neglect of the elderly by their families, depressive psychosis.

Only a small number of suicides leave notes. Typical of these are: "The responsibilities of life are too great," "Goodbye all, Goodbye!" — and the revengeful type who writes: "I am now free from my wife."

Discovering in the fields of science and psychology an opening up toward new methods of murder for the criminal and the creative writer. But new methods of psychological treatment and improved social conditions are expected to reduce the number, while the same effect is likely to be produced in the fiction field by the new picture age.

Although it will help somewhat to be able to make out the words under

the comic strips and cartoons as in the balloons that come from the mouths of the characters, it looks as though, in the future, it will ultimately be less and less of a useful accomplishment to be able to read.

The movies, the radio, and television can be enjoyed by sub-intelligent people to read "out" but despite the trend towards visual pictorial methods, murder in fact and fiction will be found in the social fabric for some time to come.





Be careful when sun-baking. It can be deadly if taken to large doses

# Your suntan might kill you

ARTHUR YEDMAN

**A**FTER the first day of his holidays at the beach, John Smith's body was a nice red colour that promised a rich tan as reward for a few day's basking in the sun. He rubbed on some ointment to relieve the slight burning, and in the morning decided to sunbake again.

He swarmed on plenty of sun tan oil, then lay a while. Feeling drowsy, he lay down on the sand and fell asleep.

He was just out of hospital in time to go back to work. Some of the

scars from the second degree burns will never disappear.

Scare talk? Not a bit of it. If you want to spend your holidays in bed or in hospital, follow John Smith's recipe. Hundreds of water sun bakers will tell you it's true.

Immediate and painful burning is only one of the dangers.

It's about time people realized, my doctors, that the sun can, and does, kill, maim, blind, and mope.

True, sunlight is necessary to prevent rickets in children, and our Vitamin

D supply is dependent on the same source. A good tan in the sun, too, promotes a feeling of well-being, and there's a good deal of psychological benefit from a good tan.

But don't, as the cultists do, confuse sunbaking with the benefits of healthy exercise in the open air.

Sun tanning and burning are both caused by the ultra-violet rays which come hand-in-hand with sunlight. These ultra-violet rays are penetrating, unlike surface heat, and can do plenty of damage without causing much discomfort at the time.

Tanning is the result of an increase of dark pigment in the skin cells, produced in turn by stimulated activity of the suprarenal glands over the kidneys.

Sun burn is like any other burn. The rays produce a sensation of heat, then irritation, blistering, and inflammation, nature's way of protecting internal organs from injury.

Tanning and burning are separate effects. A good tan isn't the protection against burning that people believe. Burnt skin is built up by a thickening and toughening of the skin.

A deep tan may last for months, without further exposure to the sun, but the thickening may disappear much sooner. Out on the beach again, you may be badly burnt as a result—even though you have a tan already.

It's possible to cultivate resistance by repeated exposure without tanning. There conducted amongst athletes, who seldom tan, show a high resistance to burning after such exposures.

A bad case of sunburn will give you shock, because a burn is a burn, no matter what causes it.

There are many other harmful effects, often not noticed at the time of exposure.

Extensive and repeated inflammation will weaken the body's ability to protect itself in this way, allowing the rays to strike into deeper organs.

Temporary night blindness is a certain result of a day spent in passing sunlight without a hat. If you drive a car, you'll notice that you can't see as far as the last time you drove with headlights.

If you look directly into the sun, you're asking for permanent damage to the retina. Even slight harm in this delicate organ impairs the sight a little more. Suddenly, you notice black spots, gaps in the vision, lack of focus.

Herbect dermatitis is a peculiar sun-induced malady. It's the result of burning an sensitive, perforated skin. And the places where perforations are deepest are the most sensitive.

The symptoms are irritation and dark discoloration of the affected area, and the disfiguring blotches last for months.

Middle aged people suffering from rosacea—a permanent "blush" on the face—should be careful about over-exposure. The dilated blood vessels on the cheeks and nose become crammed with more and more congestion. Further reddening and irritation result.

Sunburn of the scalp is particularly painful and dangerous, yet bold men don't think twice about going bare-headed for a day in the sun.

If you break out in "cold sores" after sucking and licking, blazes it on the sun. They're fever blisters, which may last for ten days.

Doctors have traced serious diseases to the sun. The symptoms may not appear for six, or even twelve months.

The first is Xeroderma pigmentosa, a disease which apparently strikes only at the teenage boys and young men

Man is mighty, man is strong  
Man is fearless,  
Brave  
Man can win Levi's battles  
And take women for his  
Share  
But when he's caught his  
daring,  
He must his life  
Defend,  
For she will turn the tables  
And beat him in the  
end.

—E-MAN

of certain families. Pinned and badly swollen become dark-bored, then turn ulcers, and the end of the road is badly malignant skin cancer.

The second is erythematosis, more serious still. Besides a constant dermatitis, it brings a gradual and continuous period of weakness, a breakdown of the tissues supporting internal organs, and leukopenia—a lowering of the white cell content of the blood.

Repeated exposure to the sun can cause highly malignant skin cancers. As proof, we have the great incidence of the disease among light-skinned people living in hot climates, and the much lesser effect in bright areas. Farmers, and other outdoor workers, suffer most, and as a rule the disease occurs on the face.

A most heinous effect is caused by some modern spectacles. The cut edge of the glass focuses on a spot on the skin and burns like a magnifying glass. Cancer is a likely result.

If you want to spend a lot of time on the beach this summer, make sure that you build up a proper resistance

to these dangers. Take precautions against over-exposure. Here's what to do:

(1) Avoid exposure in the early stages of morning resistance, during the hottest hours of the day. Stay in the shade from 11 a.m. till 3 p.m.

(2) Remember that a cloudy day will burn just as badly as a clear one, for the ultra-violet rays cut through the overcast and leave the right rays behind. However, a masky fog composed of moisture, oil and dust, thrown up by city industry, will absorb the burning rays.

(3) Start your new season's tan with ten minutes exposure the first day, and gradually lengthen the time as you acquire resistance.

(4) If you value your hair, cover it up. Dryness and brittleness will certainly result if you don't and the de-vitalized growth will defy grooming and permanent waving for weeks or months.

(5) When lying down, protect your eyes with pads of cotton wool. Ultra-violet rays will penetrate closed eyelids.

(6) Dark glasses help, but don't rely on them for perfect eye protection. Make sure you buy a reputable brand. A cheap pair may stop the light rays, but admit the ultra-violet without hindrance. Thus the eye is in a false position, for instead of squinting and closing partly against the glare, and keeping out both light and ultra-violet, it opens wide to catch what light the glasses allow through—and admits the full force of the destructive ultra-violet.

(7) Use a good sun-tan, or sun-screening, oil. These should be treated with caution, and a doctor is the only one to advise on their safety. These protective preparations act by chemical reaction, filtering out the harmful

of the harmful ultra-violet rays.

Pure-carbolic Benzoin acid and its derivatives, the salicylates, and digitalis, indicate how these preparations work the basis of commercial preparations.

When sunbathing, re-new the preparation every two hours. If you go far a swim, apply another coat immediately.

Here's the treatment for sunburn. Apply cool, wet borax and dressing or non-greasy cream according to the affected area. One antiseptic ointment every four hours will reduce the agonizing itching.

If you have to shave over a burnt face, here's the least painful method: Wash the face with warm, soapy water until the skin is soft. Apply a cooling alcohol lotion, preferably mentholated. Lather up with brush

and cream, working the lather well in. Apply solid shaving cream, by hand, working it well into the swelling skin. Shave slowly, with a scrupulously clean razor, and wash off with warm water. Finish up with another cooling alcohol evaporation of the alcohol lotion to the wet face.

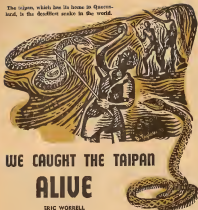
If you have trouble sleeping when you're badly burnt, try resting between sheets covered with a liberal dusting of talcum powder.

A soothing cream applied after a day at the beach will stop the skin drying out, whether you are burnt or not.

The best way to avoid injury from the sun is to get as much sunshine as you need for your health—and let it go at that. The Cult of the Sun may be a useful past for one.



The taipan, which has its home in Queensland, is the deadliest snake in the world.



## WE CAUGHT THE TAIPAN ALIVE

ERIC WORRELL

**F**EW snakes have stirred public imagination to the extent of the taipan, Australia's deadliest and hottest venomous snake. Taipans bite deliberately like an animal snapping and do not strike in the same coiled or reared snakes do.

So rapidly does it bite from one position that its surprised victim may receive two or three bites from the half-inch fangs before realizing the snake's intention.

The latest taipan tragedy occurred on July 28, 1938. Kevin Badden, an amateur snake-collector from Sydney, receiving word that a taipan had been seen in Cairns rubbish dump, set out to attack the area.

Spotting a taipan reeling over a rat he placed his foot on the snake's head and secured its neck with his left hand. Having no assistance to hold the snake he hitch-hiked back to Cairns, holding the snake in the

meantime. Arriving at the home of E. Stephens, a naturalist who confirmed the taipan's identity, he released his grip for a moment and the snake was free.

In rapid succession the taipan bit Badden's boots and trousers and fastened on his hand.

Quickly the taipan was tied in a sack and a tourniquet wound around Badden's arm. He was rushed to Cairns hospital where he put up a patient but futile fight for life. He lived for twenty-seven hours after the bite.

The venom of the taipan is principally a neuro-toxin, its main action causing paralysis of the nerves that control breathing. It is also a coagulant which congeals the blood. Tiger snake venom is similar only more potent because, for instance, bit taipans congeal twice as much as a tiger snake. There is no specific antidote for taipan venom, nor any Australian snake other than the tiger snake. However, tiger snake Antivenom is useful against the bites of all Australian snakes to some degree.

The only cases of recovery to date in which the taipan was actually killed and positively identified as such occurred in August 1928, and some three years later. The first victim, a powerfully built Aboriginal youth who bitten on the ankle at the Lutheran Mission near Cooktown. Promptly a ligature was applied and the punctures deeply lanced with a sharp chisel. The native lost large quantities of blood which is believed to have had considerable bearing on his recovery. In all 2,000 units of Antivenom were injected.

To-day, four years later the native has not regained his former physique. The second victim was a farmer in Queensland. A taipan bit him on the wrist. The farmer pulled him away

so quickly that the snake left a fang in the flesh. The farmer lanced the wound and applied a tourniquet. He was rushed to hospital, where he went blind and became paralyzed. He remained in this condition for several days, then recovered.

Wai Larking, John Dwyer and I journeyed to Cairns to catch taipans. A tour-trap and house had long become part of our personal lives and I had brought along 1,000 units of Antivenom.

On arrival at Cairns we made our way to the cannery fields and set up camp at Freshwater Creek.

We called at Christman's Farm, and obtained our first lead of any value.

Mr. Christman directed us back to a paddock only 100 yards from our camp. With optimism mounting we steadily crept along the piles of debris, searching every rock and every. Our first clue was the death or cast skin of a taipan found through fallen twigs. At least there was one taipan in the vicinity.

The next afternoon we were again searching the area around the slough when from the other side of the stack we heard Wai yell, "Don't kill it."

Reaching across to John Wai we discovered he had spotted the cannery-storing a snake. We immediately secured the area.

Only a few feet from the roadway the snake moved to a large bromeliad snake and swiftly for the cover of a short pandanus. We each carried a "ladder" or gassing stick which consisted of a leather thong stretched tautly across a wide fork. Wai stabbed out and pinned the snake to prevent it reaching the denser undergrowth and as he did looked around I grabbed and dragged the snake into the open. John manipulated a specially made canvas bag and we worked the hanging snake inside.

A WOMAN beat the bumper bar of the family car and, taking it to a garage, she asked the mechanic "Can you fix it so that my husband won't know it was bent?" The mechanic examined the damage, scratched his head, and replied "No, lady, I can't. But I can fix it so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

The next day we hunted tigers in an oval, but the day following will forever be remembered as Taipan Day, July 11, 1933.

As I peered a large tannock a tapen larger than the one appeared rushed out, swept around my feet and on to the road. Wai and John jumped forward but the tapen turned back again past me and into the lower grass.

For two hours we searched, adopting our usual tactics of beating the woods each other, but the snake must have studied us.

While we discussed the situation my eyes strayed along the roadway and suddenly took as a shadow stretched crookedly across the corrugations, two hundred yards away. It was a tapen, twenty heads of nine feet long.

Forgetting our "jesses" as the command we moved towards the reptile, John well in the lead. As the snake slipped into the grass John grabbed the tail a foot from the tip and dragged it out badly.

Wai and I watched with horror as the great snake jerked back and John sub-shoulded a strike to the waist. Mouth open the tapen arched its body upwards and struck viciously at John's throat; John frantically swung the snake away and as it arched towards his chest again he kept swinging the snake around his head, plunging on his back whirling faster and faster to keep the snake's head away.

John was obviously dazed. Wai and I could do nothing to assist, as the moment John stopped spinning the snake would have him. At our moment we feared he would drop from giddiness or suddenly lose his grip to send the tapen flying through the air to wrap around us.

"You'll have to drop it so we can handle it," I said. "Swing it over the grass into the clearing behind."

Putting everything into a final swing he let go. The snake landed in the grass and immediately vanished.

Less than an hour passed when again Wai let out a yell and drove across the paddock in pursuit of a tapen wriggling towards the roadway. In his excitement he pulled several times with the "jesses" before passing the snake about a foot along the neck. John rushed up and pinned it again directly behind the head to hold it until I arrived. Working my hand behind the thing I put my fingers around the tapen's neck and dropped it struggling into the canvas bag. It was a beautifully glossy specimen well over seven feet long.

There is a time limit to everything so collecting our gear we returned to Calcutta. I still had another job to do—extract venom for research purposes.

Before it could be "milked" the first tapen died from an injury sustained by the saw-cutter's stone. It was dis-

appointing but we still had the better one.

A glass beaker was prepared by stretching a rubber dam across the mouth, the idea being that the tapen be induced to suck its fangs into the dam so the venom would drip through into the beaker.

I gripped the snake securely behind the head and about a foot or so down the neck, while Wai held the tail to prevent it securing a hold and getting from my grasp.

John offered the beaker and the tapen quivered with rage as it snarled the rubber dam. So huge was the rage of its mouth that it almost closed over the beaker. One finger completely overrode the side and spouted a thin stream of poisonous venom down the outside of the glass and over my trousers. Venom from

the other finger spouted onto the glass.

It was not much, just a few drops, but every drop is just that much closer to finding an answer to the tapen's bite. Every effort is being made to develop a more efficient means of testing tapen bite but it is unlikely that serum will be prepared from tapen venoms as tapens do not occur in sufficient numbers to collect sufficient venoms.

It appears that the carrier has an tapenoid woman which is available in relatively unlimited quantities. Tiger snake Antivenom is highly concentrated and its use is advocated in cases of tapen bite. The exact procedure provided may be just sufficient to saving the balance of the patient's liver.

And our tapen—it's doing fine at Darling Zoo.







SIR Malcolm Sargent once went to lunch to conduct some concerts there. Later, at a dinner in London, he described the attributes of the unknown "Incidental-ly" he informed the guests, "I had rather a nasty experience while there. Two Arches died at me." One of his listeners was Sir Thomas Beecham, a conductor noted for his sensitive wit. At this point of Sargent's story, Beecham interrupted "I had no idea the Arches were so moment."

had gone beyond the pale and told him so.

When, finally her raving became more than Timothy could bear, he made up his mind to be rid of her, but not in the least as murderous means. He simply deprived her of her material body by making her a ghost. Though they ate together, walked together, and slept together in the big suspended bed, to Timothy, Miss Decker was no more than a wraith that occupied his home, and he told the *Impartial Herald* about it.

"NOW TO ALL ONNEST MEN to grudge me that I have been in hell 25 years in this world with the most—woman I married, I want to marry a fine widow, for I have had her wife for thirteen year and eight."

Then Timothy and the ghost departed for Chester, a town further inland. For eighteen months no one heard of the strange pair, until one day Timothy's magnificent carriage,

bearing a variety of heraldic emblems, appeared in Newburyport. He appeared in a 30-carriage hearse, Timothy solemnly announced that he was now Lord Timothy Dexter of Chester, the "first Lord of the Yearated states by the will of the people."

Newburyport took their new lordship calmly and watched the new lord and his lady ghost reassume their material. Knowing their aristocratic pair they had not long to wait for new developments. The *Impartial Herald* carried on headlines the announcement that Lord Timothy was turning his "palace" into a museum, containing life-size statues of "all great persons of the world."

Timothy's idea of the "great" included the Emperor of China, the great mogul, two English greyhounds, a lamb and a lion, Adam and Eve, Thomas Jefferson, and Benja Paul John and Peter. Day after day the greatly pestered Agaros roared against the Dexter regime until there was only one to be completed. That was a statue of Timothy himself, a majestic, sculptured figure inscribed: "Timothy Dexter, First in the East, First in the West, and the Greatest Philosopher in the Known World."

It took five years to complete the museum and \$1000 dollars of Timothy's money, but at last he felt he had made his mark on Newburyport. Age and grief were crippling him but he still had a few arrows left in his publicity quiver.

The last was the unveiling of a palace Port Lincoln, one Jonathan Rowan, who was made to sing for his supper by writing laudatory odes on Timothy to the *Impartial Herald*.

Timothy built, in his garden, a magnificent marble tomb, on top of which

perched an edifice which he called the Temple of Reason.

A cabinet maker was hired to make a coffin "painted with white lead inside and out, touched with green, with eight handles and a good lock."

When all was prepared Timothy staggered Newburyport by announcing he would hold a mock funeral to which all would be welcome. About 50,000 spectators thronged to the Dexter palace to witness Timothy's last

exhibition. From a window opposite the self-made lord, watched the post-bureau carry his coffin to the tomb, "amidst much crying." He was angered to see that the ghost was not doing her share of weeping and the guests were horrified to see Lord Timothy take to his wife with his date to stand up her tears.

On October 22, 1836, Lord Timothy died as earnest, survived only by his lady ghost and his dog.



The crew mutinied and murdered. But they spared the mate because he was the only navigator on board.



SPENCER LEEMING

## HE WORKED FOR MUTINEERS

WHEN Captain John Smith set sail from the Port of London on July 25, 1811, he had a suspicion that there might be trouble with his mutiny crew, which included six half-bred Spaniards, three Chinamen, a Greek, a Turk, a Finn, a Norwegian, and a negro.

To save expense, this cosmopolitan band of mariners had been signed on the "Flowery Land" at rates of pay which were lower than usual. This meant that, with one or two exceptions, only off-duty temporarily in

port at Lanchouse or Wapping answered the call.

Captain John Smith was a fine seaman and a highly respected member of the Merchant Navy. His first mate was a man named Karswell, and his second mate a lean young navigator named Taffie. Captain John's brother was on board as a passenger.

The "Flowery Land," a large-rigged vessel of 500 tons, was bound for Singapore via the Cape of Good Hope with a cargo of soft goods and wines.

During the first three weeks of the voyage, there were no position incidents.

Then certain orders were disobeyed, for which Captain John noted out punishment.

At about midnight on September 14-15, when the "Flowery Land" was near the Cape of Good Hope, First Mate Karswell was keeping watch over a calm sea. Suddenly one of the Spaniards approached from behind him, and pointing over the side, said "Look!"

Karswell went to the rail, and peered out into the night. As he did so, three of the Spaniards crept up behind him and one killed him with a heavy piece of iron. Then they hauled the poor figure, picked up his still living body, and threw it into the sea.

Alarmed by this disturbance, Captain John Smith rushed into the companion way, where several mutineers were waiting for him. They stabbed him to death, and dealt similarly with his brother, who had rushed from his cabin.

The *Smelter's* bodies were hung overboard.

That left Second Mate Taffie as the only officer alive on the "Flowery Land." He suspected that foul things had happened, and barricaded himself in his cabin.

Presently one of the Spaniards known as Leon came to Taffie's cabin door, and told him that foul things had happened and the first mate.

"And me next, I suppose," growled Taffie, pointing his gun.

But Leon told him that they would spare his life, if he would accompany the ship to some place where they could land.

Of course, he was the only man in the ship who could navigate it. With-

out his help the "Flowery Land" would drift, perhaps to doom.

Being one against so many, Taffie decided that he had no option but to fulfil the condition against him agreed to and the ship across the Atlantic to Buenos Ayres.

Madmen with razors, the mutineers proceeded to take their lives.

Leon's idea was that the mutineers should have equal shares of the personal belongings of the dead men, the ship's stores, and the cargo.

That was all right until they reached the cargo of wine, in which they halved themselves without restraint.

Fighting mad with drink, the ringleader killed one of the Chinamen, but they had enough sense left to keep their hands off their navigator and temporary "captain."

For three weeks the poor English seaman steered the "Flowery Land" across the hazards of the Atlantic Ocean. At last land was sighted which Taffie read as the coast of Brazil.

At nightfall Leon, the chief mutineer and murderer, ordered the lowering of the boats, and instructed the ship's carpenter (a Norwegian named Michael Andersen) to man the ship.

With as much plunder as they could carry in their boats, the mutineers landed near to the entrance to the River Plate, and told a story that they were shipwrecked mariners from a vessel bound from Peru for Montevideo, in France.

They had reckoned without Second Mate Taffie and Norwegian carpenter, Michael Andersen, both of whom managed somehow to reach shore.

Taffie had a lot of luck. He managed to meet a Brazilian who spoke English, and to him he told the story of what had really happened.

### THE TONGUE OF A CAT

Two ladies met at a party one night  
For the first time at nearly a year  
One pushed with a look of delight  
"It is so nice to see you, my dear."  
The other smiled as she crossed the floor,  
A picture of cat-like grace  
"I haven't seen you in that frock before,  
You look charming in charity lace."  
"Thank you, my dear. It's a present from Chris—  
For my twenty-first birthday, you know."  
The change was too good for the lady to resist—  
She could not let this opportunity go  
With spite showing out from tears to her head,  
And her tongue all to come pain,  
She opened her mouth "Really," she said,  
"And now it's fashionable again!"

—GLOVES

The British authorities, who had begun by pinning the finger-pointed authors, were soon appealed of the truth. Presumably they arrested eight of them. The Puss and the negro seem to have disappeared into thin air.

Extradition proceedings were instituted, and the prisoners were eventually transported to London, to stand their trial for murder on the high seas.

At the Old Bailey (now the Central Criminal Court) on February 3, 1901, the six Spaniards, the Turk and the Greek were charged with wilful murder. Telfer and Anderson were the principal Crown witnesses.

It was argued in the course of evidence that Anderson, as well as the Second Mate, Telfer, had played a hero's part in the drama of the "Flower Land." The ship's surgeon had been ordered to scuttle the ship

by boring four holes, two and a half. What Anderson actually did was to use a small saw for boring the holes. This meant that any of the crew, and himself, who were left below might be able to form their way up in time to save themselves. Also he cut all the lanterns, so that the thug on deck might think by doing this he saved Telfer and himself, but not the two Chansons, who were drowned.

In his direction to the jury, the Judge said: "If several persons have a common design which they agree shall be carried into execution by murder, then they are all guilty of murder, if murder is committed by any one of them."

Carlos the Greek was acquitted. The other seven were sentenced to death; but in two cases a reprieve was granted, and the sentences were

commuted to penal servitude for life.

When the five doomed men were brought out of Newgate Prison to be hanged publicly, a large crowd was assembled. Some sensitive people paid £25 for a seat in a window overlooking the place of execution.

The notorious Colcraft was the executioner. He was an old man who had hanged many a hanging.

One by one the murderers were led out to the gallows. A Spaniard named Domingo was the first.

The howls of some of the spectators were so frightening that the pitiable Domingo almost fainted. So the executioner gave him a chair, which he placed on the drop.

The execution by hanging took place simultaneously with five men in a line. According to eye-witnesses, and contrary to expectation, the

spectators went off without a hitch.

But there were many people who shuddered at such ghastly things as seeing men hang in public, as though it were an entertainment. In keeping with the general trend of the time, a revulsion of popular feeling had set in.

A Royal Commission reviewed the whole subject of capital punishment, and in 1886 Parliament passed a law that, in future, executions must be carried out within the precincts of a prison.

Between 1899 and 1902, a few more public hangings took place. But the case of the "Flower Land" murderers and their public deaths virtually put an end to the horrible spectacle of public executions, for which Tyburn and Newgate had been for so long famous—or rather infamous.





## a dancer from MILAN

THE annals of ballet and ballroom do not mention La Catal, but in 1905 Warsaw admired her. She was a very handsome dancer, whose beauty, and slender, pliant body, were better at fanning a lover's ardor than interpreting a lyric poem. With her lovers she was adroit, abnormally so; she was the mistress of ten top-ranking Polish nobles.

That was only work. Warsaw society at the time was a scene of secret conspiracy and political violence, and among Catal's lovers were the king, the Prince Palatine, and two Grand Dukes, all tools of Catherine of Russia. With equal skill, her arms embraced Xavier Brzezinski, around whom Poland's patriotic forces rallied in opposition to the intrigues of the Czarina, planning assassination, massacre, and civil war. In the dancer's bosom, however, the passions for her white body obliterated every other passion.

Brzezinski's influence had its source, not in high-sounding titles, but in the patronage name he had. He treated even the king with patronizing contempt, and his whims meant more to the very ruling Catal than those of the monarch himself.

Still, in January of 1906, another dancer appeared in Warsaw, an Italian

girl known as Elzetti, a sparkling brunette whose career went even more provocative than La Catal's. And Elzetti could dance, she had won the plaudits of Milan, Paris and London. She stole the spot-light from Catal and had fashionable Warsaw at her feet from the moment of her first appearance.

Especially Xavier Brzezinski, who sat in a box on one side of the theatre. He seemed conscious of nothing but the lovely dancer.

La Elzetti had a full year's consent to dance in Warsaw, but in those first five minutes her staves had won the hatred of Catal, and Catal's hate was destructive. It was dangerous because Catal's lovers were powerful, which meant that Elzetti needed lovers who were equally powerful. She needed precisely a man like Brzezinski.

She got him, and that was only a prelude. Before long, more than half of Catal's patrons were seeking new delights in the salubrious embrace of La Elzetti, but the list remained true to Catal. Count Tomasz, who was director of the theatre, followed the king's example and was attracted with Catal's charms. In fact, all who were standing in the entrance of the Great Catherine continued to patronize La Catal.

The civil factions no longer forgot their hatreds when they turned to love. hatred, the dancers and their French kites to whip up the clashing factions. Catal's ascendancy now depended on the final triumph of the pro-Russian party. La Elzetti's security rested entirely on the hidden power of those nobles who opposed Catherine's ambitions. Probably neither girl knew exactly what she was doing but, in putting new fire into the passions already slight, each was fanning the

flames of revolution in Poland.

This tangle of love, hate, and patriotic ardor smouldered even that mysterious stranger who sat with the king on the night of Elzetti's debut. He counted the excited title of Catherine de Brzezinski. He was over the first bell, swift and nervous in movement, and his shoulders were broad as the chest of a bear. His thin nose made a straight line with his forehead, his dark eyes protruded and glowed with hypnotic fire. His title was French, but he spoke with an Italian accent. Though an aura of vague mystery surrounded him, he was intimate with the king, and had conversed with the great Russian herself in informal privacy. Only in Brzezinski's arms, Catal confided later, had she re-discovered the fresh wonderment of her first girlhood love.

So long as the director of the theatre was La Catal's lover, there was no rivalry for Elzetti, and when Tomasz was pro-Russian, it was easy to persuade Brzezinski to act against him.

Brzezinski acted, but his actions were such as only a woman could have planned. Unexpectedly one night, he visited Catal's room. It was as silent as if there had never been an interruption to their love, and Catal was triumphant. Yielding to him, she forgot that Tomasz always called her at that exact time.

Tomasz came, but was not delighted, especially as Brzezinski guarded him, took the dancer to a carriage supplied by Tomasz, set himself beside Catal and ordered Tomasz to find another carriage.

All fashionable Warsaw was in front of the theatre to enjoy the quarrel. They saw Brzezinski climb down leaving Catal alone in the carriage, and they heard Brzezinski tell his servant

La Catal was the only Polish girl Elzetti rivaled. Then came bloodshed.

LESTER WAY

IN the Wild West days, sudden death was habitual among the citizens. After one young man suddenly departed this earth, a coroner's court rendered a verdict of suicide. The coroner stated: "We find that the deceased died by an act of suicide. At a distance of one hundred yards he foolishly opened fire with a musketoon, upon a man armed with a rifle."

That Tomlin desired to have his ears bored. The servant attended Tomlin on the job instead of chopping his ear.

By all the rules, Tomlin should have challenged Bransack to a duel, but he knew Bransack's secret power. He wasn't goss, and in taking the lawsuit he earned the ridicule of the whole city. Not only that, according to the rules, he also relinquished the right to as much as five Cents head.

The first round certainly went to Benita, and she was only getting started. She didn't dare attack the king herself, but the mysterious Chevalier was an intimate friend of King Stanislas, and he was within reach. Further, she had a special reason. Back in Milan, Sengack had been her first lover, after that, in Paris, in London, in Stuttgart, he had dilled in, her husband freely, but in Warsaw he ignored her. He control her entire situation on her better rival.

She provoked Bransack into meeting the Chevalier. He did, and the combatant died nearly touched off a

revolution. Bransack took a General of the Uhlans and two Colonels at his sword, while de Sengack refused to take anyone. De Sengack rode to the scene five miles outside the city in Bransack's carriage, commencing formally all the way. Completely alone, he faced the men who yielded more real power than the king.

Bransack produced pistols with hands a foot long. He and he would fight with swords only if they both missed the first shot. De Sengack snatched up a pistol.

He took one pistol from Bransack and turned. Bransack levelled his pistol, and the General gave the signal.

The General started afterwards that he heard only one report. He didn't know which pistol it was, but he saw de Sengack drop his weapon and thrust his left hand into his pocket. Bransack was young victorious in the snow.

De Sengack lifted him in his arms. The others helped, and they carried Bransack to the nearest inn. They found that the bullet had passed through his lungs, it had torn a vast wound in his back as it went out, but both pistols had fired at the same instant. There had been only one report, but there were two wounds, for Bransack's bullet had crippled de Sengack's hand.

While the first of hell rained tranquilly for Bransack's soul, the party he had went on the war-path. De Sengack made for Warsaw on foot, with mounted swordsmen scouring the snow-covered roads for him, determined to kill him. A peasant took him into his sleigh, hid him under a rug, and got him safely to a monastery. Bransack's Uhlans traced him, and prepared to force the doors and butcher him in the monastery hall.

The king was informed. He sent an armed force to fight off Bransack's followers.

So the stage was set for revolution, for the clash which, a few years later, wiped out Poland. The patriotic forces began to muster for a major assault. The king increased the strength of the monastery guard, while de Sengack nursed a wounded hand and Bransack painfully crept his way back to life.

Scarcely an hour, Bransack heard what was happening, and gave orders to stop the damned foolhardiness. The tension eased and, one month after the duel, the Chevalier de Sengack called on Bransack in the presence of numerous nobles, de Sengack spoke calmly and coolly, and took all the blame onto himself. And Bransack,

who was hardly out of bed, swore that the fault was his. The enemies laughed and became friends.

The Chevalier de Sengack had staked his life on a woman many times before, he would go on doing it, knowing it was silly, but Bransack was really cured. Bransack left both domains quickly alone after that, for Bransack was no Casanova.

On the other hand, the Chevalier de Sengack was Casanova. He was the original, the Casanova who started it all. Though he preferred to be known by the phony title he had invented for himself, he is remembered only by his real name.

That name has entered into a dozen European languages, and has become an elegant part of them.







Jo was on her way down to the beach. Unfortunately, as she tripped gaily alongside the wall, she braced the ball against the rose bushes (did you notice the rose bushes?) and burst the ball. Here she is appealing to us for a puncture outfit. But we blew a tire at first sight of her and we have no puncture outfit left.

Undismayed, Jo paid a visit to the wishing well. She didn't tell us whether she was wishing for a puncture outfit or another ball. Whatever her wish, we hope it is granted. If wishing wells really have the power to grant wishes, then we must join Jo at the well and wish very deeply. Would you care to join us?



All efforts to trace the stolen fortunes of Mussolini have ended in violent death.

T. B. JOHNSTON

# the MYSTERY of MUSSOLINI'S MILLIONS



LIKE most dictators, Benito Mussolini, while supreme head of the Italian state, amassed a vast amount of personal wealth. What became of the Duce's fabulous fortune remains one of the outstanding unsolved mysteries of World War II. The entire hoard, but for a solitary diamond collar stud, has been missing since the final year of the war in Europe and every effort to trace the vanished millions has met with confusion and bloody opposition in which murder has followed murder in rapid, cold-blooded succession.

In April, 1945, the Italian dictator, recently rescued by crack German paratroopers after being imprisoned by

Redskins, was flown northwards along the shores of lovely Lake Como with the freedom of Switzerland and safety only a few hours distant.

One car in that procession of speeding vehicles was stuffed as full of bank notes that the driver had had difficulty in wedging himself behind the wheel. Other carsmen and bags were crammed with a variety of currencies including millions of Swiss francs, a million Spanish pesetas, 22,000 golden sovereigns and a hoard of American dollars.

Elsewhere in the astonishing conveyer were Mussolini's \$200,000 worth of personal jewelry, his 61 presentation gold watches and 50 gold bracelets

pins. And the list didn't stop there: by any means loaded on one lorry was the Abyssinian Emperor's golden crown, studded with blazing jewels, an unaccount-looking parcel that was chockful of pearl necklets, three dozen gold bars and several large sacks bristling of gold wedding rings.

These were the same wedding rings that Italian women all over the world pulled from their fingers and dispatched to the Duce in 1935 to help finance the war against Ethiopia.

On through the night sped the fabulous procession. By the dictator's side as he sat luxuriously in one car was his mistress, Clara Petacci. Soon now they would have through the sleeping village of Dongo — but Dongo was never reached.

Suddenly the heading flight was interrupted by a wildly attacking band of Italian partisans and then and then the mystery started. Five million pounds worth of valuables vanished without trace. The little twinkling diamond collar stud which turned up in a presentation in Naples in 1941 proved a traitorous clue.

At a lonely hut in the woods two old apaches, working for the underground movement, prepared an inventory of the loot. They made five copies of the list and three of these still exist. Just before their work was completed a mysterious telephone call came through ordering that part of the treasure was to be sent to Milan by lorry. A certain Captain Neri, commanding the troops guarding the fortune, dispatched a party with several men and a valuable cargo.

By dawn, lorry, men and valuables had all disappeared into thin air, never to be seen or heard of till again. Part of the money from another truck was put in a steel box and buried in a garden near the lake but

when a couple of partisans went in to dig it up they, too, vanished. One was later discovered shot and the box, some miles away, was empty, though still locked.

Captain Neri and the two tyrants scoured many sources of information but the mysterious guardians of the treasure were swift and ruthless. Three quick murders silenced the two before they could be contacted. The Captain, a bullet in his back, was found floating in Lake Como. Later the same day the body of Giuseppe Tassi was washed ashore. The other tygot, Anna Maria Russell, was shot dead. Her father went to trace her killers, but a week later he lay dead on a forest path.

Headlines on the "Dongo Mystery" filled the papers for months on end but none was able to throw fresh light on the partisans turned gangsters.

Then one editor succeeded in unearthing vital information. In his enthusiasm he made a sad, indeed, a tragic error. He announced that his next issue would contain a sensational scoop on the subject.

Seven bullets shattered the life out of his body as he entered the newspaper building with the draft proofs of the article under his arm. His three associates made off with the one containing the manuscript.

Some time ago a Colonel Serbelloni, sometime leader in Hitler's dreaded SS, declared on his deathbed that three cartons of Mussolini's valuables and six barrels of gold and jewels were buried near the fringe of Lake Como. But, though gold divisions were employed and even tourists joined the troops in the frantic digging for a fortune, the only metal they struck was rusty tin cans!

Someone knows where the fortune is, but "man's the word."

# Crime Capsules



## PASSING A SENTENCE

You may have noticed that sentences differ, depending on who passes the case. An extensive study was made last year of sentences pronounced during 15 years on more than 7000 persons in a New Jersey Court by six judges, each of whom handled a proportionate share of every kind of case. Sentences varied considerably. Among the six judges, probation was handed out ranged from 25.1 per cent to 31.5 per cent of their cases, suspended sentences from 16.6 to 22.3 per cent and prison terms from 33.5 to 37.4 per cent. So after analyzing the cases the judges passed (passed) different sentences.

## THE LASH

The NEW Criminal Act of 1904, Section 435 to use of the lash, has never been repealed. It states that any male person over 16 years, convicted of violating of a specified list of offences, may be whipped, the number of strokes being limited to 50. A boy under 16, convicted upon indictment of any offence, may be whipped up to 25 strokes. Provision is made for supervision by a surgeon. Other Australian States have similar provisions. In 1902 a man was whipped in South Australia, but no whipping has occurred in N.S.W. for many years. Whipping was abolished in England in 1749.

## DUELING DUO

Many are the ways of dealing with burglars. Last year a New York householder, Daniel Barone, dared a prowler to give up his loot after a duel in the hall. Barone was awakened in the early hours of the morning. Grabbing a sovereign bayonet, he confronted the burglar and commanded him to drop his loot. The burglar looked out at Barone with an umbrella and the duel was on. The two thrust, parried and fought with the enthusiasm of champion fencers. The householder won and the burglar had to have 35 stitches inserted in his wounds. He was handed over to the police. However, these weapons will not take the place of feds and wobs at future Olympic Games. But we have always regarded the umbrella as a lethal weapon on the street on a wet day.

## COKE AND BOMBERS

In order to track down a gang of Hollywood robbers, Detective Sergeant Roy Barbery posed as a criminal looking for any money. He was utilized as a member of a gang—the gang suspected of committing the robberies. He succeeded in luring them to justice, three out of four being sentenced to prison terms. Yet they may not call it a cap at a mile distance.



Study by Stephen Glass

# Friend of the

# Frightened

THE LITTLE MAN HAD A FEAR COMPLEX. HE CALLED FEAR  
A DISEASE — AND DISEASES SHOULD BE DESTROYED.

"FEAR," said the little dark man  
nally, "Fear is the greatest  
disease of mankind. Cancer, lep-  
rosy, tuberculosis, all those things are  
terrible at to treat. But already cures  
are being found. But! Soon the worst  
disease of the human body will be no  
more than a common cold. Ah, but  
fear," he made a little, unfor-  
tunate gesture with his hands. "Fear  
is the only real scourge. That is the  
terrible thing."

It was one of my rare visits to  
civilization and, seated with the smoky  
quiet of retirement and night club,  
I had borrowed a friend's car to make  
a tour of duty, and sat along the  
Pavement Hills Road.

Stopping at the one where an area of  
undeveloped land gave a pleasant  
sense of isolation, I had climbed out  
and stood smoking a pipe while I  
contemplated the lights of the city.

It was then that the little man came  
out of the night with his strange re-  
mark.

I reflected, my pipe, trying to catch  
a proper impression of the little man  
as the brief flash of the match. All I

had was a fleeting glimpse of a white,  
punched face, thin tight lips, and even-  
more dark eyes before the wind  
swept my match, turning the little  
flame away into nothingness.

"You are, perhaps, a student of the  
anatomy of fear?" I asked, partly  
amused, partly irritated by his in-  
trusion on my privacy.

He jerked his head towards me  
with a peculiar, bird-like motion as  
though trying to read my face  
through the darkness.

"You laugh?" he queried eagerly.  
"Hold! That is not just. Who should  
know better than I the tragedy of  
fear? Thank, my friend. Think of all  
the millions of poor, frightened people  
in the world at this moment. Is it not  
a great, a tremendous sickness?"

I drew on my pipe without answer-  
ing, hoping he would get fed up with  
my silence and go away. I felt at  
peace with the world, and not enough  
interested to send the little fellow on  
his way. Besides, in spite of myself I  
was interested a little in how exactly  
how the touch would be made. At  
at least his approach was curious.

A. V. FISKE • FICTION

### IS JEALOUSY A CURSE?

"My husband is so jealous, Mrs. Doves!"

"Really? How absurd, Mrs. Woot."

Indignantly the other said:

"Why, isn't yours?"

"No," she smiled, "of course his isn't."

Mrs. Woot drew herself up straight,

Not wishing to be considered

ing

"Really, what a dreadful state —

I mean, how humiliating!"

—RAY, M.E.

I felt, rather than saw, him shake his head in the darkness.

"Yes," he went on in his soft, hopeless voice. "In my country there are many frightened people. Do you know I was put into prison because I demanded the franchise? Yes, it is true. . . . Six five years I was imprisoned, and my wife, Katrina, she walked the streets of Budapest in order to live. Yes, the streets of Budapest, of Belgrade, of Vienna, and even of Berlin, though the Germans are not generous to women.

"Ah, my friend! Can you imagine it? All these years, frightened people . . . and I was locked up, unable to help them. The thought of it almost drove me mad. I used to cry in my cell, and the guards would come and beat me. But I was not afraid."

His voice increased in volume. "Take a day," he said, gripping my arm with sticky fingers. "A day . . . any animal. If it has an insupportable sickness we destroy it. That is the

kindly thing to do, is it not? Yet all these millions of human beings . . . the frightened . . . the only miserable. We allow them to go on. We force them to live out their lives of torture. Is it just? Is it true, compensated?"

He released my arm and began to pace up and down in front of me. I could feel his agitation, though I couldn't see it. Even so, I was not prepared for the instant agony in his eyes when he next spoke. It was as though a soul cried out in terror.

"And I?" he whispered. "I, who was the friend of the frightened, deserted them. Yes, it is true. . . . I escaped from my prison. I found Katrina, and I brought her here where there are no frightened people. . . . Or as I thought."

He gripped my arm again, pressed into my face so closely that I could feel the warm drought of his breath. Suddenly, he stopped back and stared at his prison.

"Yes," he went on quietly. "To my eternal shame, I ran away from my friends, my frightened ones. I had a little money, Katrina and I thought for a little while, the beginning of a new life. . . . A little cottage, a little place at least out in the country where there is sunshine and birdsong, and flowers. Ah, we would have been happy there, Katrina and I. But no. . . . A man may not run away from his obligations. It is not so? To evade what a man owes to his fellow men is to lose his soul. Ah? One can lose all but that!"

"In the city there," he gestured vaguely towards the lights below. "There was an agent. . . . How you call it? . . . the agent of cities? Ah, he was a fine man. A big jolly, red-faced man, and he was kind to us. He was a lovely man, there was no fear in

him. You know, I could sense that.

"I gave him my money, and the money Katrina had saved. He would arrange for our land. Ah, yes! He knew just what we wanted. Soon, very soon, he would have for us the beautiful little estate. Oh, we were happy, my Katrina and I. But soon we were lonely in peace."

"I go back to my agent of cities. He is not there. In another man in his office. Surely there is mistake. . . . They say they do not know me, that I have not given them any money. They ask where is my receipt. What is this receipt thing that they ask? I do not know."

"Soon there is no money. We sell our clothes, all our things but what we stand up in. For my there is no work. In our room it is cold, and Katrina suffers because she has not to eat. One day she goes to out on the streets. But it is no good. Katrina is old, no longer is she the beautiful one who danced Salome in Budapest, in Belgrade, in Vienna."

"One day I come home and she is not there. Later come police. They are kind, not like police in my old country. Katrina, they say, has fallen from some bridge. The big one like a great bridge, perhaps? I do not know. They tell me not to be afraid. Afraid? No? That is brutal! After they leave I go out, I wonder in the streets thinking of Katrina, who is dead, and of the little estate we were to have. There are not good thoughts."

"Suddenly, I find I am near the office of my agent of cities. There are lights. I walk into the office. No one up there, only my agent of cities, the red-faced one who is kind to me. I ask him about my money. I tell him about Katrina. Perhaps I get a little reply."

The little man seemed to flatter his head unhappily at the memory of his reply.

"Incomprehensibly I pick up a paper knife from the desk," he went on, "I am standing at my hands, like trusting a handkerchief. Just playing with it in nervousness. Suddenly, I stop talking for I have seen a terrible thing. . . ."

"My red-faced agent is absent. Yes, it is true. . . . That man, who has been kind to me in a strange country, is frightened. . . ."

"All at once I forget about my money, about Katrina. All I know is that here is poor frightened human creature. For him I feel the great burning compassion. I know what I must do. Have I not helped many frightened people in the old country? Ah, my friend, I feel the term of compassion fill my eyes, all the sadness of the world is in me. I reach out and drive the paper knife into the big red neck, just under the left ear. . . ."

As the little, dark man finished speaking I felt the hairs rise on the back of my neck. Suddenly he gave a little gasp and looked towards me.

"Ah, my poor friend? He murmured, and I shall never forget the ghastly companions of his voice. "My poor friend, you are frightened!"

As he spoke, the moon shined from behind a thin cloud, and I saw its rays flash softly on the little in his hand.

I blocked his downward on my left forearm, stopping him sharply across the wrist nerves with the edge of my right hand. The knife glimmered momentarily before it thudded away into the bush.

The word carried a lustreless, heartbroken sob of frustrated compassion to my ears as the little man stumbled off into the night. . . .

# Make way for the lifer

MAX KESSLER • FICTION



HE DESERVED A SQUARE CHANCE  
—AND HE MEANT TO GET SQUARE  
WITH THE AID OF A BULLET.

JIM MALANY saw the young man in the blue suit as he crossed the highway between the prison gates and the railroad station. The young man was about thirty-five and dark complexioned, like himself. He was standing outside, just looking, a restlessness scrutiny in his narrowed eyes.

Old Jim figured he was getting a glimpse of the inside. He chuckled. The only way to find out what it was like was to become an inmate. There's not much you can learn about death by gazing at a coffin.

Jim went on into the station. He gave strongly impatient when he learned the train was an hour late. He wanted to get into Cell City and get it over with.

Outside, on the platform, he poked around. Things hadn't changed so much. He'd heard about a war and modern airplanes and automobiles, but essentially remained as always. Trees were still green, roses crawling up the station wall were still wonderfully and awesomely red.

The young man finally appeared, moving to his car parked just beyond the gates. He slid under the wheel. Jim watched as the motor caught, purred noisily, and the sedan U-turned past the station.

The young man seemed startled when he saw Jim. He barked "Lift, old-timer! I'm going as far as Cell City."

Jim hesitated. Entanglements might bend him from his purpose. Still, present-day cars were said to be faster than trains.

**PAY UP.** These American executives went to lunch together and when the bill arrived, they each grabbed for it. It totaled ten dollars. "Let me pay it," said one, "my company is in the 50 per cent income tax bracket, so it will cost us only five dollars. The Government pays the rest." The second said: "I'll pay it. My company is in the 50 per cent bracket, so it will cost us only one dollar." The third chimed in: "We are on a cost-plus basis at my firm and if I pay the bill, we will make a dollar on it."

He nodded. "Maybe I would."

He was clumsy getting in. The sedan pattered ahead as swiftly that old Jim nodded at his mouth. Paul's head's position in quite this fast. The driver was uncommunicative and Jim wasn't used to talking, as they rode outside in silence. Jim had every step of his plan, what there was of it, formulated. He let his mind roam off among the vaguely familiar lush, green hills.

Thirty years of hate had not left Jim Hickey unmarked. Beneath the pulchre his skin was dry and creased. His eyes, working from the unaccustomed sunlight, were sharp and fine, like the lines of sky through a translucent fog. His body, once tall and strong, was bowing to confinement and hard work.

Well, he was not now, if only temporarily. He was what they called a free man. He could talk if he wanted to. He spoke to exercise this prerogative. "I'm Jim Hickey. You?"

The young man's gaze remained fastened to the road. "Glad to know you. Call me—Paul."

"Just Paul, eh? No last name?" Old Jim asked, slowly taking sight off the

for affirmation. "Maybe — you got friends back there?"

"No—no friends."

Jim studied his profile. "Just looking around, eh?"

"Just looking around."

Jim settled back, somewhat disgruntled, the late afternoon wind lifting softly at his face. His wasn't an ordinary curiosity, for after thirty years you have few illusions left and almost no candor. Something about this man stirred memories that old Jim hadn't had stored in a long, long while.

He studied Paul covertly. A handsome man, in a dark weary way. Firm chin, thin mouth, a type that was not infrequent in the reception ward, and nearly always long-tempered. This type was incapable of petty shrewishness, these being the biggest crimes Marler and guard knew of.

Jim wanted him out. Eventually Paul said, "What were you up for, old-man?"

"Murder," and Jim, master-of-factly.

"Then you didn't hurt?" There was urgency in the voice. "They don't all hurt?"

"Some do, some don't. I was spared for it, except those days they hang in the state Governor's commission."

"How long did you do?" His feet stirred up on the accelerator.

"Thirty years." Jim studied his hands, gray against the dashboard brown, and the prison around. "A long time, son. A helluva long time."

Somewhat Paul looked at him. "You—weren't guilty?"

Jim swallowed. "I know—know—the evidence. Couldn't prove anything. Myself and the real killer were 'borrowing' from company funds. The victim was treasurer of the company. He'd discovered the shortage. It was a good frame. His body was found in my office. Other things stacked up. I didn't have a chance."

Old Jim took a slow breath, thinking about Paul and the sinister spin of the wheel. Looking back, it didn't seem so long ago that Martha, her sweet-voiced hum, plodged her unending love. What a hell she made of herself when the great rot touch.

Jim squinted on a woman in Paul's life. It was a blind guess but he thought not. Not the type to be driven, Paul wasn't. Disposition took many shapes but sometimes the end was the same.

He peered at the young man. "You better not do it, son."

Paul's hands whitened on the steering wheel. "Do what?"

"Kill whatever you're thinking of killing."

Seriously Paul said, "Who're you to talk?"

"The man who knows, son." He sat forward. "I'm telling you what I'd tell my own son."

"You—you got a boy?"

Jim nodded. "I guess. Haven't seen him since he was five. When I was

convicted, his mother never forgave me. She never came to see me. What hurt most was she wouldn't let the boy come either. She died a couple of years ago."

"You're preaching in the wrong man, old-man." Paul squinted at squinting at the road. "Sometimes you're got to kill. A rat comes along that you just can't let live." He looked at Jim levelly. "A man like that you'd—kill, too."

"I am going to kill a man, Paul." Jim averted his gaze, looking out across the landscape. "But my life's spent. I've been dead most of my life. Know what'll be like?"

Paul and nothing.

"Just that'll be the city clerk. I'm not going to run, so they'll sack me in jail. Then the trial, quick, but torturous. A hundred pair of eyes stare at you as though you were an animal. Women turn away. You get like in the clinic. You feel sick, whipped. You'd give your soul if you could turn back, but you can't. It's too late then."

"Knock it off," Paul whispered hoarsely.

"It's not worth it, son."

The sun was climbing over the last hill. They passed through a little town and Jim saw filling stations and drug-stores. He gazed at wonderment. They passed a honky-tonk. The red-cord knot of a juke box whiffed past. But it was missing.

"Hear that, son? A man can dance to that. Back there they don't do much dancing."

Paul rubbed his palm on his trousers leg. Bitterly he said, "You're a good speaker, old-man. If I met you somewhere, who knows? It might have been different. You late now. There are worse things than prison or even—death in the chair."

Jim lowered, looking strangely disturbed. Yes, and he was understanding, too. Paul was right and he was wrong.

Jim returned to his own problem and he thought of the agon of the wheel, throwing two potential killers together. He wondered how Gordon Purtoy would look. Surprised? Horrified? Both. Likely. Gordon Purtoy didn't expect Jim to seek revenge for years just reports he was completely living in Coll City and prospering.

First off, he'd buy a gun. He had enough money for the purchase. Then, in an hour or so long as it took him to find Purtoy, it would be over. It was a round trip for old Jim. A round trip and a dead end.

Jim and Paul rode on silently. It was dark as the sedan nosed in darkness to the first traffic light in Coll City. Jim studied the light, marveling. Then he pined at the headlight. He'd forgotten a lot. Here and there he saw a vaguely familiar building, but he could never be sure.

The light changed. Momentarily the sedan plunged toward the brilliance of main street lights, then suddenly turned right. Jim watched as the last of the stores sped past and they entered a residential section.

"Where you going?" he asked curiously. "I wanted to get off downtown."

Paul's hand dropped into his pocket. He withdrew a revolver. "You're staying with me, old-timer. You're paid to be my side."

Jim chuckled reluctantly. "Not Your side? Look, son, I'm a strudel. If you're looking for somebody to side you, forget me."

Paul bowed, "You're all I've got. If anybody asks, you'll tell 'em we had our trouble." He looked at his wrist watch. "It's seven-twenty now. We

didn't get into the city till eight-thirty, no. Got off? The extra time will put me in the clear."

Jim looked down at the gun. "You're going through with it?" "What do you think?" Paul's voice was thin, mocking. "You'll have to postpone your own plans—definitely."

Jim studied the determined face. "It's a big mistake, Paul. I'll know a lot when this is over. Enough to send you to the chair."

Paul one-handed the wheel at an intersection. "If that's a threat, old-timer, save it." He stared the man meaningfully. "You're not going anywhere to tell the police, unless they come to us. Then you'll talk and talk straight."

Jim felt a shiver of anger, stemming from frustration. His own mission, considering deep inside, was supremely urgent. Jim gauged the distance to the car, measuring his chances of sniping it. Before he could attempt action, however, the sedan ground to a stop in front of a sumptuous two-story brick residence. A single light glowed down a front window.

The hard outside of the gab dog at Jim's side. "You're going in with me, old-timer. Don't chance leaving you here." He slid toward the door on Jim's side. "Out, and be quiet."

Somewhere down the street a radio sizzled in jacking somebody as its owner sought a new station. But right here the only sounds were of Jim's and Paul's light, nervous breathing.

Jim clambered stiffly out of the seat, his legs numb from sitting so long. Paul remained behind him. Only after they were on the porch did Paul move around him to push the bell.

The door opened and a round, well-fed man, white hand moustache, filled the doorway. Light from the room shone on his collar's lace and the man gasped, stepping back. His eyes grew large, horrified.

Jim Malony exclaimed, "Gordon Purtoy?" Paul didn't hear him, or, hearing him, it didn't register.

Along the gun in Paul's hand, Purtoy's closed eyes swept from it to Jim's face, as though he didn't know from which direction death was to come.

Jim looked at Paul. "Don't shoot, you fool. This is me—"

His words were muffled out in the sudden blast. Then another. Purtoy jerked, and then he seemed to lean against the door and slip off behind it. Paul reached inside, grasped the knob, and slammed the door cruelly. Purtoy's head disappeared from view.

"You—you killed him."

Paul pointed him to the car. "Couldn't run at that range. Right through the heart."



A husband is a lovable  
thing,  
As centuries have proved:  
Ugly, long, helpless too.  
By women he is loved  
For 'tis history that tells  
us  
The heart-loved husband of  
yore  
Is always someone else's.

— LIZ

Paul drove swiftly at first till his nerves relaxed. "Don't want to be picked up for speeding," he said, slowing down. He kept the gun in his left hand.

Old Jim said nothing as the city died off behind them. For thirty years of days and nights he had waited to kill Gordon Parley as wrong a confederate from his gut neck, and then the long arcs of conscience—the spin of the wheel again—brought him and this man together, plunging the whole course of his life again.

"Where we going?" Jim asked calmly. He was beginning to develop a philosophy about things he couldn't control.

"Anywhere out of this burg. I'll be plenty hot for awhile."

"They were in the country again. Why did you kill Parley? Want did you have against him?"

Paul answered. "Don't be a fool. I've talked too much already."

They were passing through a strange small town when Paul sud-

denly looked in front of a drug store. Sniffing the gun in his pocket, he got out and went around to Jim's side of the car.

"I'll have to trust you, old-timer. But all right. Don't try to break. I just remembered a phone call."

Jim was concerned. "But they'll trace it, see. Our trail will be picked up."

"Maybe, maybe not. But I've got to call." Quickly he went into the store.

From the phone booth Paul could watch the action. He gave the long distance operator a Call City number. Jim was coked around in the seat, nervously watching both ways of the street.

In response to the voice that answered, the young man said, "Parley. This is Ralph Mabury. I'm giving you just one hour to go to the police station and confess. Next time Dad'll be carrying the gun and it won't be loaded with blanks—That's only to scare. I've been a hell long enough—Shore, I've got a wife and family, but I've also got a dad. I haven't seen since I was a kid because I listened to Mother and her prejudices. I wouldn't let him wreck the rest of his life—"

"I talked to the warden recently a couple of months ago. He told me the story as Dad told it to him, and he believed it, but there was nothing he could do against a court sentence except recommend parole as soon as he was eligible, providing I'd be responsible for protecting you—"

"Keep arguing, and for heaven's sake, calm yourself. Don't try nonsense, he'd trail you to China—Okay, see that you keep your word."

He returned the receiver to the hook and went back to the car.



"If only the ball wouldn't keep coming out!"

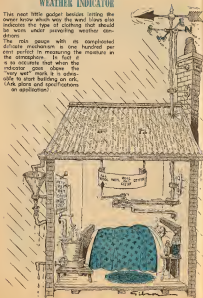


## ALL PURPOSE

### WEATHER INDICATOR

This most little gadget besides telling the owner how much rain the wind blows also indicates the type of clothing that should be worn under prevailing weather conditions.

The rain gauge with its complicated delicate mechanism is one hundred per cent perfect in measuring the moisture in the atmosphere. In fact it is so accurate that when the indicator goes above the "very wet" mark it is advisable to start building an ark. (Ark plans and specifications on application.)



Cigar ash is excellent for keeping moths out of rooms . . . cleaning carpets or the teeth.

To save ash wastage this portable cigar ash sifter is a "must" for all economical cigar smokers.



Frustrate the demon fire with this safety match safer maker. The water filled rubber ball with shower attachment clips on the end of any standard wooden match.

A slight pressure of the toe, finger and thumb sets shower into immediate action thereby extinguishing match with maximum of safety and minimum of effort.

Why risk the danger of risking your neck or dislocating an arm when wrestling with the wily briers as they hang from the back of your pants?

This handy little apparatus obviates all unnecessary fumbling and makes the task of putting on pants an absolute pleasure.



# STRANGER and Strangers



## FIDDLY WINKS

They are even firing these days. It is done with small mirrors attached to the eyelids. A pulsing light beam, interrupted every point 61 of a second, is reflected in such a manner that every movement of the upper lid is registered on film. The average work lasts point 4 of a second, point 61 of a second being the length of time the lid is lowered, point 13 of a second being the time the lid remains down and point 2 of a second being the time taken to raise the lid to its original position. But girls are quick on the uptake. The trouble is, if you get a girl with a work on point 4 of a second, you sometimes have to keep her for the rest of your life.

## BEARDED MASTYR

For ten years after he moved to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, U.S.A., in 1880, Joseph Palmer was persecuted by the town folk because he insisted on wearing a beard, despite their protests. He was mobbed by neighbors, stoned at by strangers, assisted by unknowns, stoned by children and nearly attacked by four brutes who tried, unsuccessfully, to cut off his beard by force. Being arrested for fighting, he was sent to jail, where prisoners made three attempts to shave him. But Palmer kept his beard in those headless times and lived to see the American Civil War, when

beards became fashionable in U.S.A.

## RADIO MIDGET

A small radio transmitter-receiver that can be heard over 100 miles, has been invented by an amateur radioist of Washington D.C. Using only two tubes, one for transmission and one for reception, the radio measures only 4 1/2 inches by 5 1/2 inches by 4 inches. It has no power supply of its own. It acts as a parasite, consuming power from home radio or car radios through a cable that plugs into the power-socket take socket of the conventional sets.

## BLACKBERRY RARE

Have you been having trouble with blackberry bushes growing on your property? The first is not to cut, but the bushes get out of hand. Cutting does not kill them and poison sprays only retard their growth for a short period. But a N.S.W. farmer has invented a machine which pulls the bushes out by the roots. The machine has a long arm with a strong and grapple on the end. It is attached to the back of a tractor which backs up into the blackberry bush, digs deep and roots out the offending bush roots. The method is very thorough and speedy. The inventor claims to have cut five days and 24 acres in two months. The machine, which the inventor calls the Scorpan, is now on the market and selling for \$250.

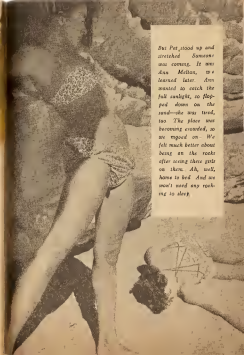


"Then he explained what platonic friendship was . . . I don't get it!"

# O n T h e R o c k s



Being on the rocks, figuratively speaking, we decided to visit the seashore where rocks abounded. There we found Paramount star, Jan Sterling. Some-one Jan was literally on the rocks. She refused to do join her, but we said we had rocks of our own, and besides, we did not want to spoil the scenery. Nice scenery, isn't it?



But Pat stood up and stretched. Someone was coming. It was Ann Milton, we learned later. Ann wanted to catch the full sunlight, so flopped down on the sand—the way tried, too. The place was becoming crowded, so we moved on. We felt much better about being on the rocks after seeing these girls on them. Ah, well, home to bed. And we won't need any rock-ing to sleep.



*Reluctantly we left Jan to see if all the rocks were better than the ones we were on. As we rounded a corner, we encountered another beautiful spot. It was occupied by model Pat Hall. Pat looked at us through luscious eyes, but did not touch a muscle. She was tired and just lay back, allowing the breeze to caress her body. Suddenly feeling tired, we decided to join Pat.*

54 CAVALCADE, August, 1953

## pointers to better health



### HEART HEALING

A machine has been invented which takes over the work of the heart while surgeons operate on that vital organ. Recently a patient was operated on for a leaky valve. The pulmonary artery, which brings blood from the lungs, was clamped, diverting the blood into the machine, which, incidentally, is about the size of a cash register. The machine pumped blood back into the aorta and through the body with the same pressure and rate of flow that a heart would create. The left side of the heart, then bloodless, was cut open and repaired.

### MOUTH LAUNDRY

Tooth decay may be affected by the amount of saliva in the mouth, according to research doctor, Ralph E. McDonald, of the Indiana University School of Dentistry. The more saliva normally produced in the mouth, the less tooth decay, says Dr. McDonald. Reason given is that the saliva has a washing effect on the teeth. Wet, no soap?

### ANTI-LE.

T.B. is in the news again. Now a new anti-biotic drug has been discovered in dirt! The drug, called arabin, has been pronounced as superior to streptomycin. The drug was produced by an earth mold in

the soil, which was nourished in a laboratory broth of sugar, yeast, soybean flour and salt. When all the moisture was extracted, the left-over broth also showed strong germ-killing activity, indicating that it contained additional antibiotic drugs they have yet to be isolated. As yet experiments are still going on. Arabin is not the only new drug to combat T.B. Viomycin, discovered before arabin, has been proving very effective in the battle against the disease, particularly where the germs have become resistant to streptomycin. Development of resistance to streptomycin by the T.B. organism has been one of the difficulties in the treatment of this disease. In the first cases reported, there has been no increase in resistance to viomycin by the germs.

### BIRTHMARK BLIGHT

A birthmark is an unsightly stain on the body and can be embarrassing if it be on the face. But it can be removed. Technically it is known as angioma and is a non-cancerous tumor compound of enlarged blood vessels. It forms during prenatal life. Sometimes the application of dry ice or radiation can remove the birthmark, but if these fail, a minor surgical operation will dispose with the offending stain.

Whitney Raa was one of the most ruthless, and clever, killers in U. S. A.

# the TERROR of TEXAS

JAMES HOLLIDGE



FAR more ruthless, ruthless and deadly than any of the famed desperados who terrorized the American West in the distant days of steer coaches and sheriffs, was a blonde, conspicuous killer named Lawrence (Whitney) Raa, who rode the Texas highways in 1931 and defied the police to catch him.

Tall and lanky, with the cruel, expressionless eyes and sinister mouth of the twisted smiley, he had a long re-

cord of small-time crime in many states when he moved to Houston, Texas, early in the year and organized a gang of local hoodlums.

Thousands of dollars were taken in dozens of robberies as a quartet of criminals included fast-talker, effron and stone. Somewhat dimly, they clumsily forced their way in at the point of a gun, overpowering the nightwatchmen and then "blowing" the safes at their leisure.

Their leader was unknown to the police. All the watchmen could tell them was that he carried a mean-off shotgun stuck in his belt like a pistol and stood guard while his three sales worked on the safes.

But the police have their own methods of obtaining information, and eventually they found an underworld character named Jack de la Puente who was willing to act as a "steak pinner."

Perkins named the gangster as Whitney Raa, but warned them to be careful as he had a reputation as a brutal tough who would stop at nothing.

"He's a leader and a killer," said Perkins. "He don't go for women, drink, dice or cards."

"No wonder!" quipped the police incredulously.

"I don't know of any," granted Perkins, "unless sitting for hours fingering dough in a vice."

With the criminal identified, the police were able to get a picture of him from Ben Quentin Tramm, where he had served a term. However they were not to receive any more assistance from Jack de la Puente.

A few nights later he was sitting in his car when a shotgun was poked through the window. The blast of the bullet hit a peep hole in his chest, but to make sure he was dead a fusillade of revolver shots was poured into his front body. Whitney Raa believed in taking no chances about slithering's steel platoon.

Months passed and Raa had added bank hold-ups nothing less more than \$1000 dollars to his criminal repertoire before the police got another break in their hunt for him.

Two motor cycle police were chasing a speeding stolen car one night near the town of Harlingen when it

skidded and overturned. The driver got away, but in it were discovered an arsenal of rifles, shotguns and pistols and motorcycles, Raa caps and side breaking tools.

Fingerprint experts were set to work on the car, and they discovered several prints of a well-known Houston safe-cracker.

A squad of police converged on his known address, but he was out. They waited, and some hours later saw him slip from a car at the front gate.

He was pursued upon by the concealed detectives, while Lieutenants Eshelman and McGill sat off after the car, which had veered away into the night as soon as the passengers was dropped.

They believed the driver was Raa. Some miles further on they saw they were right, when they pulled ahead and reached for him to pull up.

But, of course, Whitney Raa had no intention of surrendering so easily. He jammed his foot down on the accelerator and shot ahead again.

At 80 miles an hour the two cars sped through the night. Lieutenant McGill roused the windscreen of the police car and began firing with a rifle. Four shots boomed out. With the last, the car in front started to wobble from side to side.

A little further on, Raa who had been hit, either lost control or deliberately ran off the road onto a ditch. The police car skidded to a stop. The two detectives poked out guns drawn, expecting to find their quarry slumped unconscious at the wheel.

But the car was empty. Like a will o' the wisp, Whitney Raa had slipped away into the darkness.

The hunt now was interrupted with his blood, so it was not expected that he would get far. Reinforcements were rushed to the scene with dogs.

THE old miser, wearing his seal, was dictating his last will and testament. "And to each of my employees who has been with me five years or more, I bequeath the sum of one thousand pounds." The lawyer was surprised. "That is very generous," he said. "Not at all," answered the miser, "there's not one of them who has been with me for more than a year, but it will look good in the papers."

and a posse set off into the woods on his trail.

By dawn they had covered miles and searched dozens of barns and sheds—but there was no sign of Whitley Ben.

Not until the following evening, when the hunt had been abandoned, did the police discover what had happened to the elusive killer.

A farmer, who road of the hunt in the papers, recognized his photograph as a man who had knocked him up the previous night, saying he had been picked in a car accident down the road and bearing a life into Houston. Not having heard of the bandit hunt, the farmer had dressed and driven him into town.

A week passed. Then came a call from another person who had recognized the wanted man's picture on the papers. It was a boarding house keeper from whom he had rented a room.

Police rushed to the address. Whitley

Ben was away for several days, but a guard was put on the house to await his return.

But again he was smart enough to evade the trap. When he arrived two nights later, he turned the light on in his room. Then, as was his custom, he stepped back into the corridor to see what would happen.

The police, from vantage points outside the window of the room, immediately called upon him to surrender. Whitley did not want to surrender, but lightened it down the corridor and out the back door.

Another spike of Whitley Ben robbery all over Texas broke out, culminating in a daring bank hold-up in San Antonio from which he collected more than \$7,000 dollars.

Unfortunately for him, however, the numbers of some of the notes from this robbery were on record. Soon police went hunting to the town of Austin, where it was reported they were being spent.

Whitley had apparently changed his "no women" rule. The notes from the robbery had been cashed by two girls working in a house of ill-fame on the outskirts of the town and which he regularly visited.

Again a trap was set — and again Whitley Ben escaped from it. The next time he called on the girls, police were waiting in the house, guns ready.

But, ultra-cautious, Whitley took the precaution of appearing at the dining room window instead of the front door.

He put his head in and softly called the names of one of the girls. The police snapped on the light, and there came a chorus of "Back 'em up!"

Quicker than they could pull their triggers, however, the killer dropped to the ground beneath the window

all before they could get to the opening he was going again.

Half an hour later, with police still scouring the area for him, Whitley Ben appeared at a farmhouse down the road. He broke into a garage and used to start the family car.

The farmer, Ben Payton, ran out to investigate. Ben was tinkering at the engine, and the local Payton got close enough to swing a punch.

Ben went down, and Payton prepared to jump on him—on his head—on an undertaking as jumping on a cold-soremaker. Ben calmly pulled a .45 from his shoulder holster and shot the farmer in the head.

Mrs. Payton, the farmer's wife, and his two sons rushed to him and Whitley Ben turned his gun on them without compassion—killing the woman with a shot in the stomach and wounding both sons.

Then he got into the car and drove away. A couple of miles down the road, however, he crashed into a culvert and had to take to the open country on foot.

Richard Ben, grim-faced police and farmers, enraged by the murder of the Paytons, formed a posse to hunt him down. Asmuth was called in, and he was believed to be bottled up in dense country near the Colorado River.

The area was scoured for three days without result, and it was decided he must have slipped away to freedom as he had so often before. The man hunt was called off.

A week later—grunt, heard and with his clothing in tatters—Whitley Ben appeared before a party of fishermen camped beside the river.

Gun in hand he demanded food and a change of clothing. Then he got in the back of their car, forced them to pile into the front and ordered them

to drive him into Houston—or else. On arrival, he stepped out on a busy street, and lost himself in the passing crowds.

But the winds were running out for Whitley Ben. On August 18, 1935, the police received information from an underworld source of the killer's hideout in a Houston suburb.

Five trucks of men armed with tear-gas guns, machine guns, shot-guns, rifles and pistols converged on the address.

A small, neat bungalow, it was quickly surrounded. Ben was called upon to surrender.

A blind was raised at a window. A door peered out for an instant before the blind was pulled down again.

The police let fly with tear-gas shells through all open windows. Then from within came the muffled roar of a shotgun.

When the tear gas had dispersed, police rushed inside lying across a bed they found Whitley Ben. His face was half blown away with the blast of the shotgun, with which he made he had swiped from the police for the last time.



Many are the tricks of showmen. First and chief

enters dominated the populace a couple of centuries ago.

## THE BRIMSTONE EATERS

IN 1818, while the first fleet was ploughing its way around the world in *His Majesty's*, Sir Joseph Banks' name was leading tone in London to the hand-bills of a stone-eater, whose advertisements ran as follows: "The original stone eater. The only one in the world to arrived and means to perform that and every day, except Sunday, at Mr. Stastie's, trunk maker, 481 Strand."

"After the stones are swallowed, they may be found to stick to his belly, the same as in a pocket."

"The present is allowed to be the age of wonders and improvements in the Arts. The idea of a man flying in the air twenty years ago, before the discovery of the use of balloons, would have been laughed at by the most credulous. Nor does the history of Nature afford so extraordinary a relation as that of man's eating and digesting six public Arts, tobacco pipes and mineral conveniences. But at it is so and the ladies and gentlemen of the metropolis and its vicinity



ROBIN ATHERTON

have now an opportunity of witnessing that extraordinary feat by seeing the most wonderful phenomenon of the age, who gruels and swallows stones, etc., with as much ease as a potato would crack a nut, and assimilate the kernel.

"This extraordinary stone-eater appears not to suffer the least inconvenience from so ponderous, and to all other persons in the world, an indispensable a meal, which he consumes from twelve at noon till seven."

Any lady or gentleman may bring black flint or pebbles with them.

"N.B.—The merit is fully demonstrated by Dr. Murray in his Medical Commentary, 1718, and several other gentlemen of the Faculty. Likewise Dr. John Hunter and Sir Joseph Banks can witness the surprising performance of this most extraordinary stone-eater."

"Admission, two shillings and sixpence. A private performance for five pence on a short notice."

Actually this gentleman was not the first stone-eater. One of the first of these performers was an Italian, Francesco Battista, who flourished in the mid-1800's. He came complete with a publicity story that revealed his stage performance.

He had been born, said the speech's blurb, with two stones in one hand and one in the other. He retained all food from birth, and as upon the name and method that they consulted a doctor about it, who said offhandedly that the babe had probably brought its own nourishment into the world with it and they could try feeding it the stones, "whereupon the name gave him one stone in a little drink, which he very readily took into his mouth.

"When he had swallowed all the

three stones, and began to want his hard-meal, the physicians advised the nurse to get some small pebbles, as like those, which he was born with as they could, with which kind of nourishment he was brought up, and on which he continued to subsist in childhood."

Dr. Bauber, in his *Anatomical Change-ling*, and that he had seen Battista in London when he was about 20 years of age.

"His manner," wrote the doctor, "is to put three or four stones into a spoon, and to putting them into his mouth together he swallows them all down as after another; then (first spitting) he drinks a glass of beer after them."

"The doctors about half a peck of these stones every day, and when he drinks upon his stomach, or shakes his body, you may hear the stones rattle as if they were in a sack."

"He has attempted," said the good doctor, either believing all he was told or having made a somewhat cursory examination, "to eat meat and bread, flesh and milk, and such kind of food as which other mortals commonly live, but he could never break any, neither would they stay with him to do him any good."

Battista was "a black, swarthy little fellow" who had made good use of his unusual diet while serving as a soldier in Ireland for he sold his food allowance to his mates at high rates, sometimes netting 12s for a shilling's loaf and twopenworth of cheese.

Thinking he was on a stuporously high horse clipped him behind here for a month but on a daily allowance of two pots of beer and half an ounce of tobacco he weathered the tempest quite well.

The stone-eater's main competitor

was the fire-eater, and our man who could grill a piece of steak on a coal held on his tongue was sure of a regular audience.

Docum Jule, Evelyn eagerly answered an invitation to Lady Sackleton's party at Lonsdale House when he heard that Richardson, the famous fire-eater of the '90s was to be present.

"He looks an devoted houseman on glowing coals," he says that night, "chewing and swallowing them. He melted a beer glass and set it quite up, then taking a live coal on his tongue he put on it a few crystals."

"The coal was blown on with bellows till it flared and sparkled to his mouth, and so remained till the crystal gaped and was quite buried. Then he melted pitch and wax with sulphur which he drank down as it flamed. I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while."

"He took up a thick piece of iron, such as housemen use to put in their smoking-bases, and when it was they hot held it between his teeth, then in his hand, and threw it about like a stone; but this I observed, he cared not to hold very long."

One of Richardson's co-workers, no doubt feeling some following his charred, broadcast to all who cared to listen that the secret of fire-eating was merely to wash the mouth, lips, tongue and hands "with pure spirit of sulphur to burn and mature the epidermis" until it became thick as leather.

"Every time the experiment is tried it becomes easier than before," he maintained, but for all his knowledge he did not adopt the art.

Another know-all said that drinking hot molasses-wax, burning sulphur, melted pitch and similar fare

discovered was a simple matter if one drank copiously of warm water and so when the performance was over, and returned things, as to speak, to where they had started. Except, as the language of the 1890s they did not make words about it.

One of the best known in England from 1780 to 1790 was Robert Powell. His advertisements ran as follows:

"Wishing to observe that there are two different performances the same evening, will be performed by the famous Mr. Powell, fire-eater from London,

"He intends to stop on the following articles, 1. He eats red-hot coals out of the fire as natural as bread. 2. He licks with the naked tongue red-hot tobacco pipes, flaming with brimstone. 3. He takes a large bunch of dead matches, lights them altogether and holds them in his mouth till the flame is extinguished" . . .

(Then follows the usual listing of red-hot poker, statue of burning pitch, brimstone and lead, grilling of sticks and so on). "With various other extraordinary performances never attempted by any other person of this age, and there is much a possibility ever will, so that those who neglect this opportunity of seeing the wonders performed by this artist will lose the sight of the most amazing exhibition ever done by man."

"He displays teeth or stumps as easily as screws to be felt. He sells a chemical liquid which discharges inflammation, scalds and burns, in a short time, and is necessary to be kept in all families. His stay in the place will be but short, not exceeding above two or three nights."

The stone-eater and fire-eaters made a good living. But then, if stone and fire were all they ate they did not need much money.



"We're trying a little psychology on Robert."





## Saucy sirens of the Silver screen



SHE had fiery red hair and agitated brown eyes, but you had to take such on trust. For though three-colour photography had been invented back in 1861, colour-filming was scarcely used in her day and the reigning movie queen's colorist was something less learned from gossip-writers' reports.

Her chin-cropped hair was cut with a basin, and the flat side hair curved to points lying against her cheeks, framing a wide, round face. Her mouth was emphatically a cupid's bow, and her big eyes were accentuated by spoke-like eyelashes. "Baby-face, you've got the cutest little baby face," cried the popular song, and that was the babyface look.

She was cute and winsome. Short skirts showed plenty of leg and she cut Charleston capers, lots of lively-youth photographs made her a darling of the public prints.

Clara Bow was the IT gal of the twenties. Eleanor Glynn's captiveness was borrowed on her in an age when the public was shy of looking too appallingly in the face. Clara Bow's vitality was magnetic, tinged with a suggestion of the wildness for which post-war youth was crying a tag for its decade. To the man of the time she was a handkerchief.

Bow was her real name, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bow's daughter was born in Brooklyn. She was a beauty, contest prize in her early teens. Choosing her job as a typist, at 17 she made her debut in movies in "Down to the Sea in Ships," in 1919.

Nome Talmage and the Gish sisters were tops in glamour in those days. Douglas Fairbanks sen. was doing his swashbuckling stuff and Rudolph Valentino was inspiring the most emotional women's following for a day ever known.

Loaded with IT, Clara Bow went on to high popularity in pictures like "Thoroughbred Curves," "Get Your Man," "The Wild Party" and "Her Wedding Night."

She survived the talkies, married cowboy star Rex Bell in 1929; and they were still docking her out in films tailor-made to exploit her IT, like "No Limit" and "Call Her Savage," when surprisingly she returned in the early 'thirties, though still riding the wave of success.

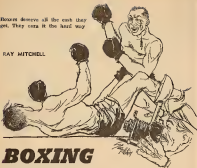
Toler the IT girl continues married to Bell. They live on a ranch—deep in the real ranch country, far from Hollywood—and have two grown sons.

She was lost in the news two or three years ago, when someone won a fabulous jackpot from an American radio programme by identifying a "mystery voice" as Clara Bow's.

Photographs taken then showed her to be, though somewhat maturely, still a comely woman.

Boxers deserve all the cash they get. They earn it the hard way

RAY MITCHELL



## BOXING is not EASY MONEY

"**T**URNEY getting a thousand pounds for less than an hour's work." How often have you heard that remark, after a fight at Sydney Stadium?

Don't be fooled into making such rash statements. Think things in their right perspective. Consider how many boxers earn such sums and analyse why.

Every boy who becomes a professional boxer does so for at least three of four reasons. He likes boxing, he wants to become a champion, he

wants to earn his money, he wants to hear the crowd applauding him.

Every aspiring champion, no matter what his natural ability, has to be taught the finer points of the art, and he has to train into condition. Some never learn, some learn quickly while some assimilate the knowledge slowly. With all three types it is a hard grind, in which the boys take punishment in the gymnasium and in the professional ring.

To succeed in his sport a boy must have natural physical ability, a fight-

ing heart, a quick-thinking brain, an open temperament and the ability to learn. He must furnish normal physical pleasures and live on a diet of solid food and early nights.

After months in the gymnasium learning to throw punches correctly and to block and counter same, he is matched in a four-round bout. If that contest is at Sydney Stadium, he will receive £4, plus a bonus of £1 if he wins the first 3 round fight.

If he fights elsewhere, his payment is less. In all cases he pays 35 per cent of that money to his trainer.

As the boxer improves, so his prize promotion is too, eight and ten rounds, for which he receives £5 per round at Sydney Stadium. After some months or maybe years—the boxer fights main-events—that is if he is good enough.

In the main-event class he receives 25 per cent of the "house." What that figure may be, depends on his drawing-power. There are top-line boxers in Australia today who have never received more than £200 for any one fight.

Consequently a boxer comes to the fore who has that compelling glamour that draws crowds in their thousands. "Carpenter" is called Tommy Burns and it is abundance. The handsome ex-welter champion of Australia, packed Sydney Stadium fifteen times in fourteen appearances there. In his career he drew more people into that Stadium—the headquarters of boxing in Australia—than any other boxer in history. And he earned more money in Australia over his dozen years of better-than-better than any other Australian boxer.

Burns does not know how much he earned, his estimation the figure at £25000.

Mr. Patrick Little Burns, who attended over £1,000 each for many of his con-

tests. So did Jack Hansen, Elroy Swenson, Jimmy Carruthers, Dave Nardo, Frank Flannery and Doc Johnson. All earned £1,000 or more for at least one fight.

But they are the only Australian boxers who did so in the last ten years. And how many boxers have fought in this country in that period? Thousands.

And that £1,000 did not represent one hour's work. It was the pay-off for weeks of solid training in which the boxer sweated and took many punches. It was the pay-off of years of experience and it was the reward for ability—ability to draw the crowds.

Now does that £1,000 represent a net profit? There are expenses. Some boxers live away from home while training, so there are hotel bills for themselves and trainers. There are gym fees, sparring partners fees (at home £6's to £1 a round and there may be anything up to 200 rounds of sparring for one fight).

Then the trainer/manager takes his 15 per cent, which leaves the boxer with anywhere from £250 to £500. Still good money? Sure it is, but the taxation Department takes a cut at the end of the financial year.

Unfortunately, there is no system in Australia of spreading a boxer's earnings over his career. He may earn £5,000 one year, and will pay tax on that sum. The next year he may earn £1,000, and is taxed on that figure. But the following year he may earn only £200.

There are only two kinds of boxers who ply their trade for longer than ten years. They are (i) the boxers with exceptional ability, and (ii) the fools who do not know when they have had it.

Only for a small part of that ten years (there are some freaks who

**A** U.S. Army Colonel tells the story of a brawny hero he conducted while in Austria during World War II. Fighting a huge tank too, he instructed his jeep driver to get off after 11. At the end of 12 minutes, the jeep driver shouted, "Colonel, there isn't no use in us doing that thing!" The Colonel asked what he meant. "Well, uh," was the reply, "we is dead" 45 now and that darn officer can't get down his front feet yet."

battle for twice that length of time as the boxers in a position to command large sums. They battle to the top, but stream down only for a short period.

Boxers earn money quickly—providing they are champions, but they leave the sport with a legacy of pounding gloves on solid flesh. Very few boxers of these days reach beyond the first stage of punch-drunkness and it takes less time on the first signs, they recover. But some do go beyond that and they do not think as clearly and as quickly as they once did. Perhaps their sight is not as good, perhaps they get pains in the back or drag a leg slightly.

All boxers have hard fights as well as easy fights. And by "easy fights," we mean "easy by comparison." Some boxers seem to make nearly every fight a hard one. This ex-lightweight champion of Australia, Frank Finnan, is one. He has extra-

ordinary stamina and toughness to be still fighting well—and without signs of physical or mental impairment—after all his tough battles.

Tommy Burns was another. Most of his fights were hard because Tommy liked to fight—not box carefully. He was a terrific crowd-pleaser and, strangely, he never got angry—physically or mentally—of ever having been in the ring. His brow is particularly acute and he is still the handsome man who wins women's hearts best boxer.

When Burns met the American sage, OTWid Bell on March 3, 1917, in the greatest fight men in this century, he received over \$1,000. He won the fight with an eleventh round KO, but the contest shortened his career by about three years. He thrived on an several later fights, but he was not quite the same brilliant fighting machine.

He retired in July, 1919, apparently washed up. But two years and three months later he returned to the ring to KO the then welter champion, Mickey Walker, in eight rounds. The comeback was unique.

Then he fought middleweight KO king, Don Johnson. It was a bout which captured public imagination. Admiration prizes were voted and the Stadium was packed. Burns won by a 5 round KO after one of the most brutal brawls ever seen. Both boxers received \$1,000. But each one was a shadow in his next fight and was outpointed by Len Eklund. Johnson was petrified in his next bout—also an encounter with Griffith—and was halted in nine rounds.

If Burns and Johnson had been kept apart they would have had many more fights against other opposition and would have earned more as these

combined contests than in that one alone bout which took place in 1911.

This year Burns made another return to the ring. He thought he could still beat the present welter champion Tommy but stopped badly.

Freddie Dawson, the negro boxer, shattered the careers of both the Patrick and Jack Johnson.

In U.S.A., top-line boxers are paid fabulous sums. Joe Louis earned \$25,000 dollars for his second fight with Edly Conn. For his second stretch with Max Baer, he received \$50,000 dollars, and, as he was that one in 124 seconds, his pay for the actual fight was about \$333 dollars per second.

Loose earned about \$200,000 dollars in his 17 year career, but that was not profit. Jack Dempsey received over \$200,000 as a fighter and some from refereeing, exhibiting, lecturing and personal appearances.

Babe Ray Robinson got \$2,000,000 when he beat Randolph Turpin for the world middleweight title in U.S.A. in 1951 and Gene Tunney received an all time-high in 1927 when he beat Jack Dempsey in defense of his world heavyweight title. Gene's net amounted to \$50,000 dollars.

But expenses are higher in U.S.A. than in Australia and the set-up is different. Fighters in America pay their managers at least \$5 1/2 per cent—sometimes \$5 per cent—whereas the figure here is 15 per cent. On top of that, most boxers in U.S.A. have a trainer as well as a manager, which means extra expense. Sometimes the trainer is hired for fight training periods and is paid a wage. In other cases he may be a permanent part of a boxer's entourage. The set-up depends entirely on the manager's arrangements in Australia, with one or two exceptions, the manager does the

dead job of managing and training. If a top line boxer gets two-fifths of his earnings from a fight, he is lucky. And that is before Uncle Sam takes his tax.

You say that is still good money? Of course it is—for those who can get it. Do have money do?

In boxing there are eight weight divisions, which means only 8 men can rule the world at the one time. In U.S.A. alone, there are over 1,000 boxers. In Great Britain there are over 3,000, in Australia there are about 300. Throughout the world there are about 30,000 professional boxers—and eight are world champions.

Only the heavyweight, light-heavy, middle, welter and lightweight divisions claim really large amounts of money, although there are exceptions in the lighter divisions. Now and again a featherweight champion will receive a big percentage for a fight and because Jimmy Chaturant said The Toward reached big money in South Africa. Of the top four divisions, it is not every contest that enables the champion to get a large "fat." A lot depends on the drawing power of the champion. Sometimes they fight for a few hundred dollars.

So for every boxer who earns big money—and the net is much smaller than the percentage shown in the newspaper—there are 1,000 who take the hard knocks for less than the boxer made.

There is no easy money in boxing. It is quick money and it is earned the hard way. And if one man by his ability can earn sometimes more he deserves it. After all, concert artists, film stars and comedians draw fabulous salaries and their work is not as arduous, and their careers last longer.

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**Kathy King**

# THE GIRL WHO STOPPED THE TRAFFIC!



MYN WOULD LOVE TO GO  
WHILE HER BROTHER TELLS  
WELL THAT CROWDER  
AND OF THE C I IS WOULD  
TO SEE HERE



SUPPLEMENTARY AND  
TURNS HAVE THAT HE  
WOULD LIKE HER AND IN  
SOLVING A PROBLEM



ABEL EXPLAINS THAT IN ORDER TO JOIN THE CLUB, A BOND REQUIRED THAT TWO MEMBERS HAVE NOW SIGNED AND HAVE BEEN REVEALED AS ABOVE.....



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IT WAS SO EASY TO GET IN THAT I DON'T SEE WHY ANYONE...



KEEP AWAY FROM ABE! ALL THE ABOVE -- IN CASE YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED



I'LL DO IT -- IF I CAN WRITE THE STORY



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IN THE NEXT WEEK HAVE USED HER NEW CLUB -- WRITING .....



-- EATING THREE, MEETING A FEW MEMBERS --



KATH APPEARED FOR AND RECEIVED MEMBERSHIP IN THE CLUBS. SHE SAID SHE WAS SO SURE THERE COULDN'T BE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT IT



THE CLUB ROOMS ARE QUIET, AND VERY FEW HAVE BEEN TO THE PLACE OVER .....



-- DRESSING WHILE SHE PRETENDS TO READ ...



-- AND BEING TO KNOW WHAT SHE THINKS A GOOD AND BOLD TRICK WOMAN









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Case 18. A man of forty-seven was discharged from the Army with severe lameness from which he had suffered nearly for a year. When first examined, he was in bad shape to get on. Two minutes after the first application of MALGIC ADRENALINE CREAM he got up, dressed and went to work. After three days (repeated) he was free of symptoms, and six months later had had no recurrence of lameness.

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Because Malgic Adrenaline Cream is sold by good chemists everywhere at 10/6 a jar. Buy a jar today—and get yourself of aching, crippling rheumatic pain, as thousands of others have done!

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Be sure to follow the Malgic Adrenaline Cream. If you should want really you, write to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 255, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing postal note for the sum of £10, and you will receive your Malgic Adrenaline Cream by return mail.

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MALGIC

Centre checked the Omega — said a man was killed. Then it was too late.



## SEEPAGE ON THE EAST FACE

RONALD JAMES • FICTION

I COUNTED subconsciously as the charges blasted a new face in the quarry . . . one, two . . . a pause, and then a third. He stood up and murmured:

"The damn young fellow. Give the rocks time to fall."

"I'll tell you when to go back," the foreman said, transference plain in his voice.

Several large pieces of stone, blown up from the quarry by the explosions, rattled on the iron roof and more

than one pair of eyes looked up speculatively.

But I wasn't worrying about the stone coming through the roof. I was thinking of what the foreman had said, and coming up the slope to the box where we sheltered while the charges did their work.

I brushed on the hard bench and looked at him across the table. "Don't you think he's a bit young to go up on the east face," I said, keeping my voice down.



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ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY LIMITED

82 CAVALCADE, August, 1933

Carter's eyes narrowed slightly and his fingers drummed on the table. "Who," he asked softly, "is running this quarry, you or me?"

I shrugged. It wasn't my place to tell the foreman what he should do, but it worried me to think of young Bill going up on that face. That was work for an experienced hand, not a youngster who had been in the quarry only a month or so.

Carter stood up. "That's the lot," he announced in the tone of one confident of his knowledge and sure of his power over the men sitting about in the hut. "Let's go."

Dust and the aged tang of granite still drifted over the quarry. Shattered pieces of rock lay strewn about the floor and, in spite of my worry, I felt that man had no right to toy at the heart of the earth like this. Every time I came down that slope and saw the shambles in the quarry I wondered how nature would finally take her revenge.

"All right! Get those loaded! What are you waiting for?" Carter yelled.

By now up beside me, leaning the aged gas hose which drove the trucks to the point where the cable pulled them up.

"See it?" He yelled.

I straddled, seeing the rope in my back. "See what?"

"The water on the east face."

I looked towards where he pointed and saw the dark stains on the rock face.

"Seepage," I said to the "bookkeeper" whooped.

"Like hell it is! That face's cracked and that goes way one of these days and the hell he'll be held to pay!"

"There's bound to be seepage as close to the river," I said, and he spun and moved away.

I looked back at the face, with the



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Dear Sir,  
Already, after using it for about six weeks, the itchy scales have disappeared. I can recommend "Dandruff" as everywhere, and have told all my friends about it. R.H.A. Mountain, Va.

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CAVALCADE, August, 1933 83

three men perched on narrow ledges, slightly bent up from the floor. Carter had gone as far as he dared to the cover. We didn't like it, and told him so, but he had laughed and went on back to our work—either that or got out, and there wasn't much to get out for.

"Plummet day, ain't it," a voice said and I started. I didn't have to look around to see who it was.

"I was looking at the cat face," I said.

"Yeh. And gettin' paid to load rock," Carter yelled as the "jack-hammer" started again.

"It's not safe."

"Your job won't be safe if you don't get paid!"

I felt the bitterest surge up inside me and toward. Why couldn't the self-confident fool realize that there were older and wiser men in the quarry, men who knew a cracked hole

when they saw it. Female rage tumbled through me as I bent over the stone again.

Carter watched me for a while, then walked away. I know that he had gone but did not look up. I was watching the cat face and the three men clinging to it. As I lifted each piece of rock and let it drop with a clatter in the iron track I could see them, high up on the narrow ledges, the muscles of their bare arms standing out as they levered the loose rocks away. When they had been over the face it would be safe to move the gang over there and send the rock over to trucks.

"Risky!" Moran called. "Look at that, will you?"

Risky let the smooth handle of his hammer slide through his hands and strengthened. He rested the handle against his knee and spat on his hands.



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a week"*

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NOW in the AUGUST issue of TRUE STORY.

quarries and named the old pot horse to jump nervously.

"Get those blasted trucks loaded!" he yelled. "What's up with you all to-day? Get that drag over here and start shovelling. Get that other truck loaded up." He turned to me. "I'm not going to tell you again," he said, and all the punt up busy and heated made him seemed to be in the woods.

A few yards away Mann grabbed his drill and poked it nervously at the rocks. He pressed the trigger and the rattling steamer descended out all other sounds. I could see his lips moving and knew that he was cursing wildly into the vortex of noise he created. I began to cower with him.

"Mann's right!" Bo bellowed as he panted.

"That's the best of it!" I shouted. "What can we do? If anything happens?"

He picked up a jagged piece of rock and weighed it in his hand. "I know what I'd like to do," he said gruffly.

Mann's words kept beating in my mind like a drum—"Somebody's going to get hurt in this quarry." They kept time with the drill and pounded at my temples with each stroke of the hammer. What would happen if the face was to go? There was old Tom and Steve on the higher level now, and young Bill still on his narrow ledge.

"Surprisingly, I found myself praying, something a fervent prayer that the face would not give way, praying that the dark stone on the face existed only in my imagination. I kept on praying, over and over again.

"The face! Steve's going!"

The very shock of the words numbed my nerves so that for a moment I just stood and stared

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stupidly at the rock in my hand. Then I looked up and an agonising flood of feeling swept through my veins, as my wrist that engulfed my heart. The rock walls had taken up Morris's cry and drew a back from a hundred places.

Water streamed through a narrow crack in the rock face. Soon as I watched another crack opened up and water burst through. For eternity-long seconds the gurgling rush of water was the only sound heard.

Young Bill saw his danger and began to scramble along the floor, dislodging pieces of rock as he went. Tom and Steve began to scale the rocks to the top. The spray of the water grew louder and pieces of rock dropped suddenly into the deepening water on the lower level.

"Bill! Go back! Go back!" I did not recognize that harsh crack as my own voice.

But Bill had seen the danger—another jagged rock opening before him. Desperately he looked back, clinging to the rough face, seeking a way of escape. There was none. He looked down at us and stark horror put a mask before my eyes, reminding them to the doomed look on his face.

I was running down, stumbling over dry bushes, pressed towards the lower level. I was sobbing and cursing at the same time, and all I could see was the hopelessness on Bill's face as he saw that he was trapped.

Somebody grabbed my arm and as I fought him the entire face appeared to melt outwardly and a rumbling roar shook the ground. The water burst through in a triumphant rush of sound. The ledge on which Bill stood slid from the face.

Tom and Steve had reached the top before it gave way and were racing

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around the edge of the lake. But I had no eyes for them. Shocked to a rigid, cowering position I saw Bill lean his gun and fall. His body hit the deep lower down and spreaded outwards. There was an aching sickness in my stomach.

"Hell! Did you see the way he fell?" Riley said.

"Oh, God. Can't we do something?" I cried.

"Steady, Ray, steady," Riley said.

The best of the men gave way suddenly. A grinding, tearing sound as a pore from the head, a roar as it fell, a swirling uprush of water that broke over the higher level, then an awful quiet. The old horse broke away and tore up the slope. The swirling swirl of wet clay was strong on the warm air.

For a few seconds after they let go my arms I could only stand there, too weak to move and feeling as though I was going to be sick at any moment. Then I worked into the water with the others.

Standing waist deep in the brown flood Nerve held his drill with the strength of his arms and hands alone while he broke the rock from about the boy's body. He wasn't a pretty sight when we got him free and carried him to the higher ground.

Carter heaved about, clenching and unclenching his hands and wiping the sweat from his face. "Somebody'd better go for a doctor," he said hoarsely.

I looked up at him. "Doctor?" I said dully. "He doesn't want a doctor." The mist cleared from my eyes. "You did this, Carter? By God, you killed..."

Several pairs of hands grabbed me and I stood there panting, straining against them.

"What'd you mean?" Carter gasped

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"Oh, for hell's sake, shut up,"  
Nerna told him severely.  
"I'm still nervous here."  
"Nervous?"

The two men glared at each other  
over the wall, silent body at their  
feet. I felt sick in the very roots  
of my being; sick at the quarry and  
its work, sick at the dust and sweat  
and the mud, and that damned  
clearing thing up above sick of  
everything but the grand men I  
worked with.

"Let me go. Let me at the mine,"  
I pleaded.

"Break it up. Nerna comes too  
trump," someone said.

Delaney swung down the slope and  
hurried across the floor to the camp,  
wiping his face with a large white  
handkerchief.

"What's wrong? What happened?"  
he asked.

"The wall has given way."

"It's like this, Mr. Delaney . . ."  
Carter began.

"Open way," Delaney repeated  
recently. "I don't understand. I  
thought . . ." He glanced down at  
the battered bloody thing on the  
ground and his shabby feet sank into  
his wet collar.

"Is he . . . is he dead?" he whis-  
pered.

"That's what Carter killed him," I  
said.

In the presence of the owner Carter  
recovered some of his poise.  
"That's silly," he said.

Delaney tapped at his collar and  
glanced around. He looked worried.  
"Two of you had better take him up  
to the office," he said, with a brief  
glance downwards. "I'll call the  
police." He loosened his collar. "I  
don't know about the rest of you."

"They can damn well clean up the  
mess," Carter said.

# Pelmanism

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Old Tom stepped forward. "Now get the straight, Mr. Delaney," he said. "Did you see that and we feel bad about this."

"Well . . . I don't know," Delaney hesitated.

"They can either clean up the mess or look for another job," Carter growled.

Norm turned to me. "I'll give you a hand up with him, Ray," he said.

"You're fired, damn you. Fired!" Carter roared, and all the hate and fear inside him welled up and gelled for a moment on his face.

Norm straightened. "That regards me," he said softly, and brought his big, doublet fist up hard. The scoundrel groaned and crumpled to the ground. No one moved.

"Now look here, I wouldn't do anything," Delaney spluttered.

"You can go to hell, too," Norm said him.

My batteries had worn to a dull ache now, and Norm and I pushed up the crumpled body of the boy and carried it up the slope.

Through the trees in my open I could see the clouds had covered the sun and the river still moved sluggishly through the paddocks. The crusher had stopped. A huge, a strange beast, hung over the quarry.

I glanced back and a feeling of pride spread through me, coming the ache that was there and bringing a sweetness to my chilled heart. For the rest of the men were tramping up the slope—all, that is, except Carter.

But I knew when I looked back that it was for the last time. I was tired, an old man who had given his strength and the best years of his life to the quarry.

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# Talking Points

## MURDER

Whether fact or fiction, the public likes to read about murder. On page 1 John Adam tells of the differences in the pattern of murder in fact and fiction.

## SNAKES

The Tropen is the deadliest snake in the world and it makes its home in Queensland. Landing snake authority in Australia, Eric Worrell, went after a tiger and brought home a beauty. Worrell tells of his experience on page 12.

## MISSOLINI

When Mussolini was trying to escape justice in 1941, handily held up the party and took about \$2,000,000 in money and other valuables. All efforts to trace the fortune have ended in violent death. Read that story on page 13.

## SHAKES

Whether Ben was the most deadly and elusive killer in U.S.A. James Hollidge recounts Ben's criminal history on page 14.

## "IT" GIRL

Clara Bow was a sensation in the Twenties. She was a great beauty, and archness, Elmer Giza, described her as the "IT" girl. The two stick. This story is the first in the Society Since Series and is on page 14.

## BOXING

Champion fighters sometimes earn phenomenal money. But it is not all net, nor is it easy money. Boxers earn their cash the hard way. And

only one in 1000 get into the big money bracket! Ray Mitchell, who is right in the middle of boxing, writes of this, and you will find it on page 15.

## NEXT MONTH

Have you high blood-pressure? Do not let it interfere with your work. "You Can Work With High Blood Pressure" is an article which every sufferer must read. It is written by a doctor. Angus Woodward tells of "A Mistress Behind the Woods," the life of the famous mistress of King Charles II of England. And she was some woman. Ardy Thomas is in the town again with another Indian story. "Slaughtered by Snow" tells of one of the last Indian outbreaks on the U.S. frontier. Is typical Indian fashion men were slaughtered and women were used as playthings. Alexander Weekoff was famous as a critic, actor, writer, lecturer, radio commentator and was Read "The Man Who Came to Dinner" by Peter Hargrave. "Child Prodiger" is another episode full of interest, while Francis was "writer, Kurt Sager, writes of "The Boy Who Changed Eden" One and Martin Johnson were famous as the bring-on-back-alive legends. Read "The Married Adventure" by James Hollidge. Next month's Society Series is Theda Bara. Ray Mitchell writes of a phase of boxing which is little known in "The R.O. is a Belter" he tells of the actual physical reactions to different knockout blows



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